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POEMS.



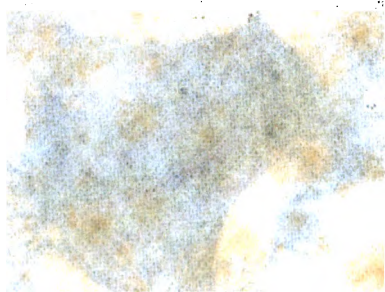


Adeline Cutler Phelps.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. -

-, LONDON, AND WORTHINGTON.

1852. .



THE LIFE OF CHRIST,

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

MRS. ADALIZA CUTTER PHELPS.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

BY HER HUSBAND.

THERE is one gift to mortals given,
Which is the richest boon of Heaven,
'T will live when earth shall cease to roll,
That gift is the undying soul.

ADA.

BOSTON:

JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.

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JEWETT, PROCTOR, AND WORTHINGTON.

1852.



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ALLEN AND FARNHAM, PRINTERS,
CAMBRIDGE.

THIS WORK
IS DEDICATED BY THE HUSBAND OF THE AUTHOR
TO HER
FATHER AND MOTHER,
IN VIEW OF THE GREAT INFLUENCE SHE ASCRIBED TO THEM
IN HER EDUCATION,
AND IN THE
FORMATION OF HER GENERAL CHARACTER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE following work is published and offered to the public, at the earnest request of friends since the death of the author. She died the third day of June, 1852, aged twenty-nine years. She was the youngest of three sisters, and was born in Jaffrey, N. H., in which town she always lived,—was educated, married, and died. Her two brothers were younger, and are both living. Her sisters died before herself, the eldest not attaining to her age; the second, exceeding her age by a few months. The three sisters possessed highly gifted and cultivated minds, but so differing, that each possessed gifts superior to the others, that each might love and admire. In her own language:—

“ The eldest has a thoughtful mien,
A deep, full, spiritual eye;
The classic brow, the bright eye tell
The wealth with which the soul is laden.”

Of the second:—

“The gentle girl who won the love
Of all, with her sweet winning grace,
Mild as the summer evening air,
With guileless heart, and angel face.”

Of herself:—

“The youngest is a careless child,
Mocking the birds upon the tree;
Birds that are not more gay and wild,
Or bear more tameless hearts than she.”

The first was of philosophic mind, and though she wrote poetry, it was with a philosophic expression. The second, in her silent greatness, held those sister minds in love and admiration. The third, the author of this volume, was impulsive, and, being moved with a restless fire, she burst forth, in the poet's song, a simple expression of what she lived, she felt. She said that she “wrote not to be admired, but to be loved.” Her love of whatever was noble and pure and worthy, was only equalled by her resentment and abhorrence of whatever was impure, low, mean, or degrading. She lived in smiles or in tears. Joyful and happy in the midst of friends, where no danger was near, but feeling with keenest anguish a frown, or unkind look, or word. At about the age of twenty she embraced religion, by a

personal christian experience, but neglected a public profession until her last sickness, when, at her request, she was baptized in her room, and united herself with the Congregational church in her native town. As we judged that one unacquainted with characters would scarcely be able to detect even an implied contradiction in the religious sentiment in her writings previous to this time, they are published, in this respect, without reserve:—also, were there such a contradiction, it might be more just to publish them as they are, with this explanation.

This work is dedicated to her father and mother, in view of the great influence which she ascribed to them in her education, and in the formation of her general character. It is just to state, that the author made no arrangement of her writings herself, with the view of their being published. With the exception of the first piece, the order of arrangement, so far as can be ascertained, is that of the time in which they were written. Where there has been found more than one piece upon the same or similar subjects, some have been withheld. The public will judge of the merits of the work for themselves, as nothing that could be written, other than such as may acquaint the reader with the character of the person of the writer, either could or should change that judgment.

G. A. P.

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POEMS.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

INVOCATION.

FATHER in heaven ! with faith, and hope, and love,
I would bow down in voiceless prayer to thee ;
Instinctively, my spirit seeks above,
The source of beauty and of poesy.
Give to the heart a thought, the lip a word,
Bid the deep fountains of the soul be stirred,
Till its sweet waters gush up pure and free ;
With truer worship aid me to adore
Thine own most holy name, and love thee more and
more !

And thou, dear Saviour ! lowly at thy feet
I sit, and sing, and tune my humble lyre ;
The wide, wide world affords no place so meet,
To kindle in the soul poetic fire.
To thee, to thee my fainting heart would turn,
To seek for thrilling thoughts, for "words that burn,"
For sweetest sounds to tremble on each wire.

Take me beneath the shadow of thy wing,
And fold me to thy heart while of thy love I sing !

And come, thou Holy Spirit, come and dwell
Richly within my heart's most secret shrine ;
Powerless I yield to thy resistless spell,
To dreams and visions that are so divine.
The earth recedes, and heaven itself seems near,
Triumphant music floats upon my ear,
And lights celestial round my pathway shine.
Enough, enough of inspiration given,
'T were woe to turn to earth, from sweeter dreams of
heaven !

THE NATIVITY.

'T was night in Palestine. O'er all the land
Deep silence reigned, save when the wind's low sigh,
The waving fields, the rich green foliage fanned,
Or brushed the dew-tears from the violet's eye ;
Save when some bird from its soft dream awoke,
And that sweet dream in sweeter music spoke,
Till stream and forest echoed a reply.
The golden stars in all their beauty shone,
And tireless vigils kept around the midnight throne.

But hark ! what low, faint trembling sound was heard ?
Was it the whisperings of the midnight breeze,
Or the sweet warbling of a little bird,
That woke to sing among the olive trees ?

Was it the murmur of the silvery stream,
Whose waters sparkled in the pale moon-beam,
Or the low moaning of the distant seas?
No, — the faint sound, heard on that holy morn,
Told waiting seraph bands the Son of God was born !

The Prince of Heaven ! where rests the infant now,
In pomp, in glory did He come to earth ?
What jewelled crown awaits His regal brow ;
What place renowned for the Redeemer's birth ?
No royal faces o'er Him bent and smiled ;
Not in a palace lay the new-born child ;
Not where the red wine poured mid songs of mirth ;
No, — in a stable where the ox was fed,
The Saviour came to earth, a manger for a bed !

The flocks reposed upon the dewy plain,
The shepherds watched them from the breezy hill,
Listening to hear the birds' enchanting strain,
Or the low music of the dancing rill.
Hush ! hark ! what sudden fear upon them fell ;
Why stand they thus entranced as by a spell,
So statue-like, so breathless, and so still ?
There in their midst, upon the soft green ground,
A white-robed angel stood, and glory shone around !

Fear not, the angel said, — tidings I bring
Of joy and gladness, — there is born to-day,
The Prince of Peace, — your Saviour, and your King ;
Up, — leave your flocks, — to Bethlehem away.

Thus Gabriel spake, and lo ! a heavenly throng
Stood on the plain, and with one thrilling song,
 With which all heaven resounded, thus they say :
Peace, peace on earth, and good will unto men.
Angel and seraph joined, and breathed a deep amen !

Trembling, the shepherds rose, and followed where
 A strange resplendent star in glory seemed ;
Now it hung quivering in the pure, light air,
 Then near the ground in dazzling lustre gleamed.
They followed on, — it led o'er dale and hill,
Until at length the wondrous light stood still,
 And o'er the Saviour for a moment beamed.
They offered gifts of gold and incense sweet,
And then, adoring, fell at their Redeemer's feet !

THE BAPTISM.

The sky was cloudless, and serenely blue,
 All blue and waveless Jordan's noble stream ;
The sun had kissed away the sparkling dew,
 Sweet flowers looked up to greet the sun's bright
 beam.
A thousand tuneful birds were on the wing ;
How lightly did they soar, how sweetly sing,
 While all was lovely as a fairy dream.
Sweet hour of peace ! to mortals kindly given,
To turn from thoughts of earth, and dream awhile of
 heaven !

And there they stood, — the blessed Son of God,
And His meek servant, by that flowing river,
With noiseless step they press the verdant sod,
While to their words the green leaves seemed to
quiver.

And, as if conscious of His presence there,
The very flowers bowed down their heads in prayer,
And all the watery reeds were seen to shiver.
Well might the soft leaves tremble as with fear,
And the bright flowers bow down, the Saviour's voice
to hear.

He came to be baptized of him who stood
In such deep reverence by his Master's side ;
His eyes were turned to earth in thoughtful mood,
As with a tearful, trembling voice he cried,
Oh, I have need to be baptized of Thee !
Then wherefore, Saviour, comest Thou to me ?
In gentle tones the Saviour thus replied :
Suffer it to be so now, — come, lead the way.
Since thou commandest, Lord, thy servant will obey.

So John baptized his Master. When that rite,
That holy rite, with fervent prayer was ended,
The heavens were seen to open, and a light
Celestial dove from its bright folds descended.
Then came a voice all tremulous with love,
In sweetest accents from the blue above,
And with the music of the waters blended :
My well-beloved Son, — then died the tone,
And by that rolling stream once more they stood alone !

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The morning broke in beauty o'er the world,
The shades of night in silence fled away,
The smiling sky triumphantly unfurled
Its broad blue banner to the coming day.
The timid stars closed up each twinkling eye,
Hiding their lustre from the glowing sky,
And sung, rejoicing, on their own bright way.
Up rose the day-god then, while proudly rolled
His chariot wheels mid clouds of purple and of gold.

The Saviour sat upon the mountain's side,
And gazed with love o'er all the beauteous scene ;
Sparkling beneath His feet were seen to glide
Tiberias' waters, waveless and serene ;
Before Him lay the city and the plain,
The rich green meadows, waving fields of grain,
While round Him there on every side were seen
Forests of cedar and of olive trees,
Whose soft leaves music made, in every passing breeze.

Dense throngs were round Him. There was wonder-
ing childhood
With rosy cheek, and open, sunny brow ;
His joyous rambles in the green, green wildwood,
And merry sports were all forgotten now.
Upon the Saviour each bright eye was turned,
All wet with tear-drops ; each young spirit burned
With new, and strange, and deep emotion, — how

Eager they listened to the words that fell
From the warm lips of Him who loved those children
well!

And in that vast assemblage there was youth,
With flashing eye, lit by the spirit's dreaming,
To whom life seemed all poetry and truth,
Believing life was all that it was seeming.
Awhile they turned from day-dreams, and drew near
Where Jesus sat, His thrilling voice to hear,
Until each eye, with a new light was gleaming,
A new fount in each heart was welling o'er,
Whose waves would bubble up in brightness evermore.

And there was woman with her loving heart,
Roused up with earnest, yet with tender feeling,
Ready to choose with joy that better part,
And treasure up the Spirit's strange revealing.
How eagerly at Jesus' feet they listened,
What tears welled up, and on each eyelid glistened,
While Faith and Hope came o'er their spirits, stealing
Like balmy slumber on the wearied powers,
Or the soft dew of night upon earth's folded flowers.

There, too, was manhood with its dreams of glory,
With proud resolve, and purpose bold and high,
Intently listening to the Saviour's story.
With soul subdued, with thoughtful brow and eye,
Meekly they yielded to that strange emotion,
Humbly they bowed in deep heartfelt devotion,
And owned the Saviour's mission from on high.

What now were learning, wealth, or fame, or pleasure,
Compared with that one gift, the soul's undying treasure!

And there were aged men with hoary hair,
Whose ties to earth had long ago been broken;
Worn hearts that mourned the beautiful, the fair,
Who passed away, nor left on earth a token.
With what deep joy they heard the Saviour tell
Of a bright world where there was no farewell,
And parting words were never, never spoken.
What radiant light to their dim eyes was given,
To cheer the opening tomb, and point the way to
heaven!

Well might they gather round Him, — youth and age,
Childhood and manhood, for a voice so thrilling
Ne'er spake on earth before. Poet or sage
Ne'er breathed such truths as from His lips distilling,
Fell on those fainting hearts, and made them glow
With love for God, and love for man below,
The warring passions of each bosom stilling.
His lightest words upon those heart-strings trembled,
And sweetest music made, no earthly tones resembled.

Well might they gather round Him, well might linger,
And for awhile each earthly dream resign,
As Jesus sat, and with unerring finger,
Pointed to scenes all heavenly and divine.

Well might they come, their hearts with love all
glowing ;
Well might they come, their eyes with tears all flowing,
And humbly worship at the Saviour's shrine.
As the worn traveller greets the desert fountain,
So did they treasure up that Sermon on the Mountain.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

A bridal morn in Cana. By the altar
In pure white robes, there stood a fair young bride.
Why did her voice grow tremulous and falter ?
Why o'er her cheek the pearly tear-drops glide ?
Voices of childhood in her ear were ringing,
While busy memory to her soul was bringing
Thoughts of those days in a resistless tide.
Well might she weep, although a sweet, soft smile
Stole up from her warm heart, and kissed her brow
the while.

There stood the bridegroom with a look of gladness,
Breathing his vows in a deep, earnest tone ;
There stood her father, with a brow of sadness,
Grieving to lose his beautiful, his own ;
And there in sorrow bowed her pale, sad mother,
Yielding with tears her treasure to another ;
Weeping o'er joys too quickly, brightly flown,
She clasped her to her breast, then bade her go,
Striving to hide with smiles the tears that still would
flow.

There were young sisters, half in joy and sorrow,
With blushing cheeks, and locks with roses crowned,
One would be wanting to their band to-morrow,
And they would list in vain to hear the sound
Of her light footstep o'er the greensward bounding,
And of her bird-like voice, so sweetly sounding,
And her low music laughter echoed round.
There cherished brothers stood, the loved, how well !
Playmates of her young years, — how could she say
farewell ?

And there was One — the blessed Saviour — blending
His deep, warm, earnest sympathy with theirs,
While from His full and loving heart ascending,
Were heard His fervent, his heaven-moving prayers,
That God would take them underneath His pinion,
And fit them for His own serene dominion,
Where never came earth's sorrows, or its cares.
Fair bridal scene ! the Saviour for a guest !
What could they ask for more, whose union Jesus
blessed ?

They called for goblets, — for the red wine flowing,
To add new brightness to the festive scene.
There was no wine, but in the sunlight glowing,
Clear as a crystal, waters bright were seen ;
They filled the water-vessels to the brim,
And then with wondering eyes they turned to Him
Who stood in power and majesty serene.
Each pulse was stilled, each quivering breath was hushed.
He spake. "The conscious water saw its God, and
blushed."

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER RAISED.

The Saviour sat and taught in His own city ;
Crowds came to worship and their sick to bring,
With tears and prayers imploring Him to pity,
And take them underneath His healing wing.
The poor, the blind, the lame, the deaf drew near,
The word of healing from His lips to hear,
And with them came a ruler worshipping :
My little daughter's dead, — were thy hand lain,
O Saviour, on her now, sure she might live again !

Jesus arose, — the light of love divine
Stole o'er His features with celestial ray ;
Soft as the sunbeams which at day's decline,
Upon the bosom of the waters play.
Moved with soft pity for the hearts that bled,
He rose and followed as the ruler led
Where his young daughter in her death-sleep lay.
The weeping friends were met in sorrow there,
While wailing sounds of grief awoke the slumbering air.

Why do ye weep? the pitying Saviour said,
Dry up your tears, and stay your heart's deep woe ;
The little maiden sleeps, she is not dead,
And through her veins the life-blood still may flow.
They laughed to scorn each gentle, soothing word,
Anew the fountain of their grief was stirred,
As though their hearts would break beneath the
blow.

They called to mind her goodness, truth, and worth,
And mourned so fair a flower, removed so soon from
earth.

How beautiful that little maiden's rest ;

What emblems meet the blossoms that surround her,
Breathing sweet incense on her sinless breast,

Her snowy robe in wavy folds around her ;
The eyes were shaded with their silken fringe,
While on the cheeks there glowed a soft rose-tinge,
As though in peaceful sleep the angels found her ;
Celestial beauty beamed upon that face,
Beyond the painter's art, or sculptor's power to trace.

Jesus drew near the slumberer, — took her hand, —

Maiden, said he, with thrilling voice, arise !
That voice had power to move the spirit-land,
And bring a glorious angel from the skies.
That soft rose-tinge assumed a deeper hue,
The warm life-blood came quickly flowing through
Its wonted channel, and those lustrous eyes
Opened beneath the Saviour's earnest gaze,
As morning flowers uncloseth beneath the sun's bright
rays.

CHRIST WALKETH ON THE WATER.

Jesus had sent away his little band

Of chosen friends and followers from his side,
Himself to seek some desert mountain land,
They o'er the waters of the sea to glide.

He sought repose from turmoil and from strife,
Rest from the trials and the woes of life,
Strength for the heart by stern temptation tried.
That lonely mount ! meet place for prayer to rise,
From the o'erburdened heart, like incense to the skies.

The night was dark, — the wild winds loudly roared,
And dashed the waves in mountains to the sky ;
Around the ship the sea-birds wildly soared,
And filled the air with their strange, mournful cry.
Through darkness dense the little vessel sped,
While angry clouds were threatening over head,
And not one star cheered the worn sailor's eye ;
For weary hours those sailors watched in vain
For the calm, peaceful shore they might not see again.

And, as they watched, a strange, mysterious form
Amidst the darkness of the night they see ;
It seemed to them the spirit of the storm,
Gliding above the billows of the sea.
Nearer, and still more near, the spirit drew,
Clearer, and still more clear, it broke to view,
Then did their doubts like morning shadows flee,
A well-beloved voice each fear allayed :
Be of good cheer once more, — 'tis I, — be not afraid !

Down from the ship the impetuous Peter started
To meet his Master on the foaming wave ;
The wild winds roared, the raging billows parted,
And threatened him with a deep yawning grave.

O save me, save me, sinking Peter cried ;
The aid he humbly sought was not denied ;
The arm of Jesus was outstretched to save.
O thou of little faith, why didst thou fear,
O wherefore didst thou doubt, with thy Redeemer
near ?

THE WIDOW'S SON RAISED.

The deep bell tolled, — with slow and solemn tread,
With hearts bowed down beneath a weight of woe,
The weeping mourners bore away their dead
To the dark burial. The rich sunshine's glow
Was in the sky, deeply, serenely blue,
And o'er the earth a heavenly radiance threw ;
Though bright the sky, and fair the earth below,
It had no power to dissipate their gloom ;
Between them and the light, came shadows of the
tomb.

He slept in death, the true, the generous-hearted,
The deeply loved, — the widow's only son, —
With him, the sunshine from his home departed,
When his brief race like a bright dream was run.
The bounding heart lay still, — at rest forever,
And joy again, or grief, would thrill it never ;
A noble prize the victor Death had won.
Slowly and sadly to the grave they bore him,
The green earth smiling round, the blue sky bending
o'er him.

She followed on, that weeping, childless mother ;
Hot gushing tears fell o'er the lifeless clay ;
He was her life, her all, she had no other
To cheer her heart, her faltering step to stay.
The light of life had vanished, — o'er her soul
Did the dark waves of bitter sorrow roll ;
It seemed her life in sobs must pass away ;
He was her all, — how deeply, dearly cherished ;
But the loved flower had drooped, in early spring-time
perished.

The Saviour met those mourners slowly winding
Among the hills, to the last place of rest ;
He heard the sobs, He saw the tear-drops blinding
The mother's eyes, and pity moved His breast :
Weep not, O mother, sadly o'er thy dead.
Then to the slumberer, with low voice He said,
Young man, arise ! That trembling mother pressed
Her darling treasure to her breast once more !
Her cup of joy was full, its bright waves brimming o'er !

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Jesus, with his disciples, went alone
Upon a mount, in solitude to pray ;
No sound was heard save the low, drowsy tone
Of summer winds among the leaves at play ;
Like far-off music on the ear it stole,
Bringing sweet tears and nestling in the soul.
Weary and worn the three disciples lay

In soothing slumber on the greensward there,
While Jesus watched alone, and poured His soul in
prayer.

While thus He knelt on that lone mount, a bright
Celestial glory beamed o'er all the place ;
His robe was white and shining as the light,
And heavenly lustre gleamed upon his face.
Heaven's gates were opened, from its portals wide,
Two glorious angels flew, and by the side
Of Jesus stood, in robes of dazzling white ;
They spake of His great mission here below,
His agonizing death to save a world from woe.

As such transcendent brightness shone around,
Wondering and awe-struck the disciples woke.
With trembling hearts they listened to the sound
Which from the angel's lips like music broke.
Deep, earnest joy o'erpowered them with its spell ;
Upon that mount they evermore would dwell.
And thus to Christ impulsive Peter spoke :
'T is good for us, O Saviour, to be here,
'T were sweet indeed, to live with angels ever near !

While thus they stood with eye and ear intent,
With their full hearts in adoration bowed,
A strange, bright cloud, with rainbow colors blent,
Encircled them within its misty shroud.
Then o'er their hearts came overpowering fear ;
As from the cloud a deep-toned voice they hear,
Sweet as the wind-harp, yet all clear and loud,

This is, indeed, my well-beloved son ;
Earth's children hear to Him, and heaven may yet be
won !

STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Night's solemn shades had gathered fast around
The dark and troubled waves of Galilee ;
The winds arose, and died with mournful sound,
And o'er the waters murmured fitfully.
The heavens were robed as with a funeral shroud,
The thunders muttered long, and deep, and loud,
Blent with the roaring of the storm-swept sea ;
While vivid lightnings flashed athwart the sky,
Revealing all the sea with billows rolling high.

And o'er that sea a fragile bark was borne,
Tossed high in air, then plunged to depths below.
Her masts all broken, and her sails all torn,
While o'er her deck the maddened waters flow.
Louder and louder still, the thunders crashed,
Wilder and wilder still, the lightnings flashed,
Till sea and sky were in one fitful glow.
On went the vessel onward through the storm,
The billows opening wide to engulf its shattered form.

And trembling men were in that sinking bark ;
Strong sailor hearts were bowed with mortal fears,
With anxious eye they gazed upon the dark,
Dark threatening sky, — no ray of hope appears.

Then came sweet thoughts of their far distant home,
Of friends they loved beyond the blue sea's foam,
And eyes unused to weep were filled with tears.
And must they perish, was there none to save
That little vessel's crew from the devouring wave?

Yes, One there was, who, while the thunders muttered,
And vivid lightnings flashed from pole to pole,
While warring winds their fearful voices uttered,
And raging waters mocked at man's control;
One who slept calmly on His lowly pillow,
Unmindful of the wind, or of the billow,
The lightning's gleam, or the loud thunder's roll.
While all around Him terror, grief was seen,
A smile played round His lips, — His brow was all
serene!

They woke Him. "Save us, Lord, or we must perish!"
He rose in pity at their wild alarm,
His little chosen band He still will cherish,
And keep them safe from danger and from harm.
The light of love was glowing in His eye
As He gazed upward to the frowning sky,
And o'er the waters bent with outstretched arm:
"Peace, — peace, — be still!" The raging billows
heard,
And the loud thunders ceased, rebuked at Jesus' word!

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

They sat alone in voiceless sorrow weeping,
Those sister mourners, — how their poor hearts bled !
Sadly they thought of the beloved one sleeping
His dreamless sleep in his low, narrow bed.
Around them stole the cool, soft breath of morning ;
It came unheeded, for it brought no dawning
Of hope or joy ; those rainbow lights had fled.
Round that loved brother all their heartstrings twined,
With that firm, holy clasp, which death could not unwind !

They were but three, — and love's strong cords had
bound them

Spirit to spirit, — beating heart to heart,
Until it seemed the bright spell thrown around them
Could not be broken, that they could not part ;
But as in dreamy hours fades some sweet vision
Of heavenly dwellings, and of fields elysian,
So had they seen him from their side depart.
Oh, deep the wound ! oh, bitter was the cup !
Yet must they humbly bow, and meekly drink it up !

But in those hours of sorrow and of sadness,
Where was that Friend to whom they might have
flown ?
Whose presence might have brought them joy and
gladness,
With lightest look, or gentlest whispered tone ?

Why came He not with word or touch of healing,
His love and mercy, and His power revealing,

Ere death had claimed the loved one for his own ?
He was away, that mightier love and power
Might be revealed to them, than in that dying hour !

He came at last, and forth they went to meet Him,
To pour their woes, and weep upon His breast ;
With gushing tears, wrung from the heart, they greet
Him,

And choking sobs that would not be repressed.
They met the Saviour with a mingled feeling
Of joy and woe over their spirits stealing,
Hoping, yet fearing, — sorrowful, though blessed.
At Jesus' feet, with trembling voice they cried,
Saviour, hadst thou been here, our brother had not
died !

Where have ye laid him ? Jesus asked, replying :

Lord, come and see, — the sisters led the way ;
Around his grave the long green grass was sighing,
And with the leaves the soft winds were at play ;
On every side were sweet wild flowers upspringing,
And countless birds a requiem were singing

A low, sad dirge, from every dewy spray.
They pointed where that darling brother slept,
And bending o'er the mound, the blessed Saviour wept !

Roll back the stone, said the Redeemer, turning
To those who followed to the silent tomb ;

Each eye was fixed intent, each heart was burning
With anxious wish to know the sleeper's doom.
Could the strong fetters of the grave be riven?
Could he call back a spirit gone to heaven?
Raise up the body from its burial gloom?
Lazarus, come forth! the Saviour loudly cried,
And in their midst he stood, ere the last echoes died!

THE LAST SUPPER.

The day was past, — the night dews were descending
Softly and gently on each folding flower;
From sweet-toned birds were vesper songs ascending,
From grove, from forest, and from sylvan bower;
The sun had gone, yet all the sky was glowing
With rainbow hues, a rich soft radiance throwing
O'er all the earth. It was the very hour
When unseen angels linger by our side,
And spirits of the good, around our pathway glide.

That dewy eve they met in sweet communion,
Jesus and His disciples, — well they knew
That never, never more, that holy union
Would be enjoyed on earth. Closer they drew,
And closer still to their beloved Master,
While the blest moments hurried fast and faster,
And sadder, sadder still their tried hearts grew.
Thick, heavy clouds of grief were hovering o'er them,
And shadows, deep and dark, were stretched away
before them.

The Saviour spake, — one of you shall betray me, —

One, one of you, my little chosen band,
Shall yield me up to wicked ones to slay me,
Shall lay on me his guilty, traitorous hand.

John was reclining on his master's bosom,
Bowed there with love untold, as some sweet blossom
Laden with dew, droops down, by soft winds fanned.
Who is it? sighed that loved one in His ear;
Lord, is it I? 'said each, with trembling and with
fear!

Judas, too, answered with a seeming sorrow,
With feigned emotion, Saviour, is it I?
O, well the traitor knew that on the morrow
He was to give his Master up to die!
Thou, thou hast said it, — woe to the betrayer,
Who yields his Lord and Master to the slayer
With treacherous kiss, — the Saviour made reply.
He spake in pity, not in wrath or scorn;
'T were better for that man if he had not been born!

And then He uttered words of consolation,
Such words of comfort, and of holy cheer,
They half forgot the hour of desolation,
The hour of woe, so swiftly drawing near:
The Holy Spirit from above I'll send you,
In hours of danger I will still befriend you,
So keep your hearts from trouble and from fear.
They gazed upon that Friend, with fond endeavor
To treasure up each word, each gentle look, forever.

A new command I give you, — love each other, —
Even as I have loved you long and well ;
Cherish for each the kindness of a brother,
With generous feeling let each bosom swell.
By this shall all men know that ye are mine,
Bound heart to heart, by love that is divine,
While here on earth together ye shall dwell.
My peace I give you, peace the world ne'er giveth,
And by it ye shall know that your Redeemer liveth !

My little children, I awhile must leave you,
I seek a place beyond the sky's blue dome ;
Yet let it not too deeply, sadly grieve you,
That ye awhile alone on earth must roam.
I have fulfilled below my holy mission,
I go away to gain for you admission,
A bright, free entrance to your heavenly home ;
A little while, my own, and ye shall be,
In yonder world of bliss, forevermore with me !

Lord, I will follow whereso'er thou goest,
With earnest words, warm-hearted Peter cried ;
My love for thee, O Saviour, well thou knowest,
I evermore would linger by thy side ;
Where'er thou art, there, Master, let me be,
I would lay down my very life for thee !
Peter, by thee I soon shall be denied !
Thou, too self-trusting, ere the cock crow twice,
With bold and impious lips, thou shalt deny me
thrice !

He took the bread, and o'er it breathed a blessing
Then brake, and gave to those who sat at meat,
And then He spake, His chosen ones addressing :
This is my body, — take ye all and eat.
He took the cup, and blessed the red wine glowing :
Drink, drink ye all, it is my life-blood flowing,
And evermore, when in communion sweet,
Bound heart and hand by love's enduring cord,
Then eat and drink, as now, in memory of your Lord !

A hymn was sung, — at first all faint and trembling
The notes arose, then died in grief away,
The sweet, wild strains of the wind-harp resembling,
As o'er its chords the fitful breezes play ;
Then stronger, clearer, came the music swelling,
Louder and fuller, sweeter still upwelling
From hearts upborne by an o'ermastering sway.
That song of praise like incense sweet ascended,
That hymn in grief commenced, in strains of triumph
ended !

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

While the last echoes of that song were dying
Fainter, and fainter still upon the air ;
While midnight winds were through the olives sighing,
The sad disciples with their Lord repair
To the cool garden of Gethsemane,
Amid its green retreats to bend the knee,
Before high Heaven, to seek for comfort there.

Tarry ye here, said Jesus, while I go
Yonder to ask for aid, in this mine hour of woe.

The favored three He took, that they still near Him,
Might aid and comfort in His suffering hour,
That their beloved presence still might cheer Him,
When crushed so low by grief's o'erwhelming power.
Even to earth, that mighty soul was bending
Beneath the sorrows that were fast descending,
As the fierce storm sweeps o'er the drooping flower.
Watch, watch with me, in agony He cried,
To those who trembling stood in terror by His side.

He turned away, and on the green grass kneeling,
Intenser still His mortal anguish grew ;
The might, the power of agony revealing,
Which human bosoms never, never knew.
Remove this cup, O Father, if thy will,
If not, oh, bid each murmuring thought be still !
Then He arose and near His followers drew ;
Upon the ground, for sorrow, they were sleeping,
The cool winds breathing round, the night-dews o'er
them weeping.

Could ye not watch even one hour with me,
For one brief hour, O Peter, by my side ?
Where now thy love, thy boasted constancy ?
In mournful accents the Redeemer sighed.
Watch, watch and pray, for though the spirit's willing,
The flesh is weak, when agony is thrilling
The very vitals, — when the soul is tried

By fierce temptations which beset our way ;
O therefore watch my own, O therefore watch and pray !

Again the suffering Saviour knelt and prayed,
While fiercer anguish came upon His soul,
While keener sorrows on his heart were laid,
And deeper shadows o'er His pathway stole,
In pity, Father, let this bitter cup
Pass from me, — but if I must drink it up,
I bow submissive to thy just control ;
Thy will, O Father, not mine own be done,
Yet aid and strengthen now, thy weak and suffering
Son !

Globules of blood oozed out from every pore,
Wrung forth by torture, words can never tell ;
Drop after drop of clotted purple gore,
Flowed from His side, and on the green earth fell !
The Father gazed, with pitying heart and eye,
And sent His angel downward from the sky,
His grief to cheer, His anguish to dispel !
Thus did the Saviour suffer, to atone
For sins He never knew, for dark guilt not His own !

He came once more, and found them still reposing
Their weary eyelids, heavy still with sleep ;
The golden gates of day were near unclosing,
And the soft, silent dews had ceased to weep.
He gazed one moment on the slumberers there,
Then looked to heaven, in earnest, voiceless prayer
For those He loved, with love so strong and deep.

Sleep on, and take your rest, my little band,
Mine hour at length is come, — the traitor is at hand !

THE BETRAYAL.

Scarce were those words by the Redeemer spoken
To His disciples, slumbering on the ground,
Ere the deep stillness of the night was broken,
And they awakened by the fearful sound
Of hurrying feet, and steel of armed men,
Which woke the echoes of that quiet glen,
And by the glare of torches gleaming round !
Then broke a band of soldiers to their view,
With Judas at their head, who near the Saviour drew.

Hail, Master, hail, said the betrayer, meeting
His kind Redeemer in that sacred place ;
And then he gave, in seeming kindness greeting,
The fatal kiss, — the treacherous embrace !
Friend, wherefore art thou come, and whom seek ye ?
Jesus we seek, — said Jesus, I am He.

O'erawed the soldiers fell upon their face !
In His pure presence, well with shame they cower ;
Well did they sink to earth, 'neath guilt's o'erwhelming
power !

With fiery ardor Peter drew his sword,
And smote a soldier who was standing near ;
Upon the flowery turf the swift blood poured
In crimson gushes from his wounded ear.

Put up thy sword, — shall I refuse to drink
The cup my Father gives me? Shall I shrink
Away from death with trembling and with fear?
Think'st thou my heavenly Father cannot send
Legions of angels now, His loved one to defend?

And then with murderous looks they gathered round
Him,

With swords and staves, and laid their guilty hand
Upon the Saviour, while with thongs they bound Him,
And led Him forth, before His judge to stand.
Calmly he followed where they led the way,
Nor angry thought, or look, or word betray,
But gazed undaunted on that soldier band.
He knew His doom was sealed, yet brow and eye
Beamed like soft sunset hues on summer evening
sky.

THE DENIAL.

Afar off Peter followed. He would know
His master's fate, and yet not share his doom;
His earnest love already ceased to glow
Within his breast, — the cross, the death, the tomb
Were fraught with terrors, and he shrunk with fear
From his Redeemer when he should be near,
With words of comfort to dispel His gloom.
How weak, how poor the love that he professed;
How dim the sacred flame, that glowed within his
breast!

Within the palace for awhile delaying,
With anxious brow, and eye to see the end,
A little maiden looked upon him, saying,
Thou wast with Jesus, whom thou didst defend.
Then of his boasted love came the stern trial,
Upon his pale lip trembled the denial,
The base denial of his Lord and Friend !
I know Him not, I know not what ye say !
And with a burning brow, false Peter turned away.

One moment more, as he was quickly turning
To hide the blush of conscious guilt and shame,
That on his cheek so painfully was burning,
Another maiden spoke to him the same.
His Lord and Master he once more denied,
And with an oath upon his lip he cried :
I know him not, I know not whom you name !
Intensest guilt had blackened all his soul,
Yet was he yielding still to its fierce, stern control.

Scarce had he spoken, ere another drew
Near where he stood,—with threatening voice said
he,
And thou art one of Jesus' followers too,—
Of Galilee,—thy speech betrayeth thee !
And then did Peter wildly curse and swear,
And with a loud and angry voice declare,
The man ye speak of is unknown to me.
And then the cock crowed loud, and full, and clear,
And like a death-knell smote on trembling Peter's
ear !

Then Jesus looked upon him, sad and tender
As the last look a mother fond bestows
Upon her infant which she doth surrender,
Upon the Saviour's bosom to repose.
As Peter met that look of tender feeling,
Such untold love and agony revealing,
A tide of sorrow through his bosom flows ;
Oceans of anguish o'er his spirit swept,
And rushing forth alone, in bitterness he wept !

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Day dawned at last, — a rosy, cloudless dawning,
On a fair world looked down the sun's bright eye ;
But oh ! what sounds were heard that dewy morning,
What fearful shouts went upward to the sky ;
High, angry words, and curses deep and loud,
And threats of vengeance from the maddened crowd,
Were borne along upon the wind's deep sigh.
Wrath, hate, and malice, spite of envy born,
Found vent in horrid oaths, to desecrate that morn !

And there He stood, — Jesus the King of Glory,
No more surrounded by His chosen band,
Crowned with sharp thorns, — His brow all pale and
gory,
A slender reed clasped in his sinless hand.
King of the Jews ! His accusation, — see !
Insulting crowds before Him bend the knee,
Or with their cruel mockings round Him stand.

Thus Jesus stood, — scorned, spit upon, forsaken,
His steadfast heart unmoved, — His trust in God un-
shaken.

The cross is on Him, — painfully ascending
The flowery hill-side, lo! the Saviour now,
Beneath its weight His fragile form is bending,
While drops of sweat stand on His burning brow.
Onward and upward through the raging throng,
Bleeding and faint, slowly He moves along,
While in His path insulting rabbles bow.
With trembling limbs, with spirit steadfast still,
The Saviour stood at last on Calvary's sacred hill.

Then to that cross they nailed Him, — sharp and ringing,
Those fiendish strokes fell on the startled ear,
While mortal anguish rent His frame, yet bringing
To those rude hearts no pity, and no fear.
Above the shouts of demons gathered there,
Above loud curses ringing on the air,
The Saviour's voice was heard, soft, solemn, clear :
“ Father, forgive, — they know not what they do ! ”
Oh, what a prayer of love, breathed for his murderers too !

Two thieves hung with him, — one all unrelenting, —
If thou art Christ, save us, he fiercely cried ;
While one subdued, and softened, and repenting,
Turned to the Saviour, bleeding by his side,
When in thy kingdom, Lord, remember me !
With me in paradise to-day thou'lt be,
In dying tones the Saviour's voice replied.

Blessed words of comfort in that suffering hour,
The dying thief rejoiced, and owned the Saviour's
power.

But deeper darkness gathered o'er His soul, —
His Father's smile from His poor heart was taken,
Wave after wave of guilt did o'er Him roll,
Till like a reed that mighty soul was shaken.
He turned to earth, — no ray of hope was there;
He turned to heaven, then cried, with wild despair,
My God, my God, why hast thou me forsaken!
Heaven with mute horror heard that anguished cry,
And on the awful scene the bright sun closed his eye.

There came a crash, — the earth, astonished, shivered
Like forest leaves when the rude wind sweeps by;
The green hills shook, the solid mountains quivered,
While deepest darkness reigned o'er earth and sky.
Amid the tumult of the earthquake's shock,
Amid the rending of the solid rock,
That guiltless spirit winged its way on high.
His pangs were o'er, — His holy mission done,
His mighty task fulfilled, and heaven for sinners won.

THE RESURRECTION.

The night was spent, — the waning moon descending,
And one by one the lamps of night grew dim;
Upon the air were odors sweet ascending,
From flower-cups filled with dew-drops to the brim.

A rosy light stole o'er the eastern sky,
The olives whispered to the wind's low sigh,
And countless birds awoke their matin hymn.
Calm, holy, still that resurrection morn,
As was that peaceful hour the Son of God was born !

Hark ! the earth shook ; lo ! a bright form descended,
All robed in white, from the blue smiling skies ;
Where Jesus slept his radiant pathway tended,
Beneath whose step e'er fragile flowers arise.
Pausing one moment where the Saviour lay,
Noiseless he rolled the heavy stone away,
And Jesus stood before his wondering eyes !
From hill, from dale, from sea and mountain sod,
Nature's great heart sent up its festal hymn to God !

And as he sat, that glorious angel keeping
Watch o'er the place where Jesus had reposed,
With early dawn there came a maiden weeping,
Ere morning flowers their dewy eyes unclosed,
With heart o'erburdened with excess of gloom,
With grief intense she sought that quiet tomb ;
But what a scene to those dim eyes disclosed !
The empty tomb ! the doors wide open thrown !
And that bright angel-form standing beside her own !

As there she stood, her eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Bending the flowers beneath her restless tread,
With hope and fear her heart alternate glowing.
Why dost thou weep ? the pitying angel said :

I seek my Lord, my Saviour, — where is He?

Where is He laid? in pity answer me,

Why seek ye here the living 'mong the dead?

He is not here, — Jesus has left the grave,

And He who washed thy sins has still the power to save!

She turned away, — joy in her heart upspringing,

Like drooping flower-cups when rude storms pass by;

Her glad heart bounding like a young bird's singing,

For very joy beneath a cloudless sky.

Oh! not in vain were her wild sins forgiven!

Oh, not in vain had been her trust in Heaven!

But who is this that meets her joyful eye?

Mary! a low voice whispered soft and sweet, —

Rabboni! with a cry, she fell at Jesus' feet!

THE ASCENSION.

They sat once more in silent, sad communion,

The eleven disciples, — their tried hearts with Him

Who oft had sat with them in such sweet union,

Whose voice so oft had swelled their vesper hymn.

Where was He now? was each heart's anguished cry;

The earth was silent, — heaven gave no reply;

With unshed tears each heavy eye was dim;

Oh, how their poor hearts yearned to meet once more

The loving look of Him that thrilled each bosom's core.

While thus they sat, bowed down with earnest feeling,

With heartfelt grief, a gentle step drew near,

And a low voice, in softest tones came stealing
Like richest music on each startled ear ;
“Peace be upon you,” — were the sweet words spoken,
The quiet stillness of the place unbroken,
Till their own wild heart-throbbings they could hear !
They deemed a spirit from the world unseen,
Stood in their midst, and fear on every brow was seen.

Why are ye fearful ? why do thoughts arise
Within your hearts ? — the blessed Saviour said,
It is no spirit greets your wondering eyes,
But your Redeemer risen from the dead ;
Behold my feet, my hands, my wounded side ;
Dismiss your fears, lay all your doubts aside ;
It is your Saviour who has freely shed
His blood for those whom He has loved so well :
Low at His feet for joy the glad disciples fell !

Their hearts were opened to receive with gladness
The honey-drops of wisdom as they fell
From Jesus’ lips, to dissipate their sadness,
To brighten hope, their dark fears to dispel.
Long did they listen, with deep emotion,
With faith, and hope, and love’s intense devotion,
Binding their hearts with their sweet, mystic spell ;
It was no dream, — no wild, illusive dream,
But Christ indeed was there, and heaven was all their
theme.

He led them forth, — the green, green earth before them,
With flowers of sweetest fragrance sprinkled o’er,

The soft blue skies serenely bending o'er them,
While light-winged birds their richest music pour ;
Nature's great heart, for very joy seemed beating
With quickened pulse, while heaven and earth seemed
meeting

In an embrace to sever never more.
Seraphic voice seemed to fill the sky,
While earth, in music tones, echoed a sweet reply.

They paused awhile, — a golden cloud descended,
Where Jesus stood, encircling Him around ;
With one last look of love He then ascended,
Slowly and gently from the soft green mound.
Long gazed the loved ones in the clear blue sky,
Till the bright vision passed from mortal eye,
Then turned in silence from that hallowed ground
God's heart beat music, — angels caught the strain,
And heaven's high arches rung to welcome Christ
again !

LIFE'S SUNNY VISIONS.

I SAW a lovely star of even
Gem the rich midnight's sky ;
As I gazed upward to the heaven,
A cloud went floating by.

I watched it with an eager eye,
My fears were but too true,
For soon the cloud o'erspread the sky,
Gone was that star from view.

I saw a pearly dew-drop stand
Upon a white rose leaf;
Soon the bright sun shone o'er the land,
That dew-drop's life was brief.

I saw a lovely flower unfold
Its petals to the air,
That floweret's fate may soon be told,
It died in beauty there.

I saw the rainbow's glorious form
Painted upon the sky,
It looked so lovely 'midst the storm,
It chained my wandering eye.

But as I gazed with beating heart,
That bright bow died away,
Tint after tint I saw depart,
'T was all too fair to stay.

Just so our fairest visions fade,
Our sunny prospects die,
Sadness the fairest brow will shade,
Will dim the brightest eye.

But oh ! there is a land of rest
Beyond the bright blue sky,
It is the home of angels blest,
There pleasures never die.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

Oh ! tell me not of Italia's sky,
Her sons and daughters with kindling eye;
Tell not of palace and princely dome,
For my heart doth love its mountain home.

Tell not of the South, its orange flowers,
Its spicy breezes, its shady bowers ;
Speak not of lands where bright rivers foam ;
I love far better my mountain home.

Oh ! tell me not of the Switzer's land,
Where hearts beat free, where the air is bland ;
Praise not the glories of ancient Rome,
For dearer still is my mountain home.

I know that Italia's skies are fair,
That the bright sun sets in glory there,
Its beauty oft in my dreams doth come,
But fairer still is my mountain home.

I have read of lands all fair and bright,
And in fancy oft they greet my sight,
But though to far distant scenes I roam,
My heart will cling to its mountain home.

EVENING PRAYER.

EVENING'S shades are stealing o'er me,
Rich strains of music greet my ear,
From every care my heart is free,
I almost fancy heaven is near.

Father! guard me when the midnight
Brings gentle slumber to my eye;
Be with me when the morning light
With glory gilds the eastern sky.

Let thy Spirit ever guide me,
And fill my soul with feelings high;
From every sin may I be free,
Till thou shalt call me to the sky.

Ever guard me, ever keep me,
Till life's short pilgrimage is o'er;
Then in heaven, O may I meet thee,
Where I shall weep and sin no more.

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

I SAW a mother, — from her eye
The crystal tear-drop fell,
I heard her breathe a bitter sigh,
And faintly say farewell.

For o'er her infant's dying bed
She watched its last long sleep ;
Upon her hand she bowed her head,
And turned aside to weep.

Weep on, weep on, thou stricken one,
'Twill ease thy anguished heart ;
Say to thyself, " God's will be done,"
Though hard it was to part.

And murmur not that he has left
This world ere sin had come ;
For though thy heart is now bereft,
Jesus has called him home.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

THE spirit of poesy, oh ! where does it dwell,
In the mountain, the valley, or green shady dell ?
In the land of the orange, the myrtle and pine,
Or the land of the iceberg, in Greenland's cold clime ?

Does it dwell mid the stars that are hung in the sky,
Or the bright silver moon that so proudly sails by ?
Does it dwell in the flower-cup, the lily, the rose ?
Oh ! speak to me, tell me where thy bright spirit goes.

Does it dwell in the ocean, the mermaid's fair home,
Or the soft cooling breezes that o'er the sea roam ?
Does it dwell in the lightning, the cloud, and the storm,
In the rich rays of sunset, or the rainbow's form ?

O, spirit of poesy ! thou hast thine own home
In the hearts of earth's gifted wherever they roam ;
Thou dost dwell in their thoughts, thou dost visit their
dreams,
Thou dost float o'er their pillow like the mild moon-
beams.

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

WHY must the heart e'er droop in sadness,
Why must the tear-drop dim the eye?
Why is not life all joy and gladness?
The spirit's voice can tell us why.

Why must dark clouds e'er hover o'er us,
Why must we ever breathe a sigh?
Why does not sunshine ever greet us?
Our own sad hearts will make reply.

Why comes stern death to mar our pleasures,
Why must the lovely ever die?
Why must we yield our heart's best treasures?
God's voice within doth tell us why.

Too well we love this life so fleeting,
Too oft forget that heavenly land;
Too oft forget the joyous meeting
That waits us with that spirit band.

"DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK."

TRUE, too true, but why must it be so,
Why are the lovely e'er first to go?
Why are the fairest first called away,
Leaving us on earth to weep and pray?

I saw an infant, o'er its fair head
A mother's blessing was daily shed;
I saw her gaze on its mild blue eye,
Like a thing too bright to fade and die.

But the summons came, the arrow sped,
That lovely infant lay cold and dead;
The mother gazed, but with tearful eye,
She thought of heaven, beyond the blue sky.

I saw a maiden,—her eye was bright,
Her step was buoyant, her heart was light,
Her life had passed like a fairy dream,
Like a cloudless sky, a waveless stream.

I looked again, that fair brow was pale,
I heard a low chant, a funeral wail;
They bore her away to the darksome tomb,
She left fond friends in sorrow and gloom.

I saw a youth, on his forehead high,
His soul's secret dreams would come and fly;
Visions of glory his bosom filled,
With poetic thoughts his heart oft thrilled.

But the spoiler marked him for his own,
The dark pall o'er his fair form was thrown;
Gently and calmly he passed away,
To the land of rest and endless day.

The pure die first, it is ever so;
The fairest are ever first to go;
Like the lovely clouds of summer even,
They glide far away to yon bright heaven.

GENTLE NELL.

"For she was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest.
That solemn stillness was no marvel now."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

DEAD! yes, the gentle Nell was dead,
Her grief was over now,
The sunlight rested on her head,
And on her marble brow.

Her hands were folded on her breast,
Pure as the fallen snow;

Her weary spirit was at rest
From sorrow, pain, and woe.

Sweet flowers were strewed around her bier,
Flowers she had loved so well ;
And many shed a silent tear
For the sad fate of Nell.

Her little bird, — a tiny thing,
They placed it by her side ;
Sadly it drooped its shining wing,
Since its young mistress died.

It sung no more, for she was dead,
Her life had passed away ;
She lay upon her little bed
A lovely form of clay.

She lay at rest, — an angel hand
Had led the child on high,
Up to the blessed spirit-land,
Beyond the bright pure sky.

PASSING AWAY.

As fades the lovely clouds of even
At close of summer's day ;
As fades the rainbow in the heaven,
I, too, shall pass away.

As droops the early spring flower
When cold winds sweep it by ;
As fade green leaves in autumn's hour,
I, too, shall droop and die.

As flies the weary bird away
When winter's breath doth come,
To sing 'neath southern skies his lay,
I, too, shall seek my home.

As flows the sparkling stream along
From the green mountain's breast,
And seeks the plain with merry song,
I soon shall sink to rest.

A mother's love encircles me,
A father's hand is near,
A sister's voice hath charms for me,
Yet short I linger here.

I am but young to fade and die,
To leave this world so fair ;
But a voice calls me to the sky,
From earthly grief and care.

I fain would linger here below
Till youth's bright dreams are o'er,
And then with pleasure would I go
To seek that better shore.

But no ! the spirit-land is near,
I feel it must be so ;
Sweet music floats upon my ear,
Without one fear I go.

“SHE WILL COME TO-MORROW.”

Master Humphrey's Clock.

THE old man watched for her many a day,
Till his eye grew dim, and his hair grew gray,
But her gentle spirit had passed to rest,
The green turf reposed on her quiet breast.

He was sad and lone, and the tear-drops fell,
For the fate of her he had loved so well ;
Untold of visions would float through his brain,
And softly he sighed “she will come again.”

The sun's first bright rays ever found him there,
With his silvery head bowed in humble prayer ;
At evening's still hour he watched by her tomb,
Till night came on with its gathering gloom.

But she came not back, and he watched in vain,
Her beauteous form was ne'er seen again ;
And there, where the flowers wave o'er her head,
They found the old man, with his spirit fled.

WHY FEAR DEATH?

WHY should we fear the quiet tomb,
Why shrink from thoughts of death?
Why should we dread the body's doom,
Why fear to yield the breath?

The grave is peaceful, why then fear
To lay us down to rest?
Why shed so oft the bitter tear
For those who now are blest?

I've wandered out at evening's hour
When the bright sun was set,
When the green fields and lowly flower
With dew-drops bright were wet;

I've watched those glowing clouds of even
Sailing along the west,
They've led my wandering thoughts to heaven,
That land of peace and rest.

And then I've thought how sweet 't would be
To sleep beneath the sod,
To have the weary spirit free
To seek its blessed God.

Oh! gladly would I pass away,
Would yield the body's breath,
And like the close of summer's day,
Would yield me unto death.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF AN UNCLE.

He's gone, he's gone to the spirit-land,
He has gone to join that heavenly band;
We meet his footsteps no more below,
We bow in sorrow and silent woe.

We stood by his side when death drew near,
And silently flowed the bitter tear;
Sadly we watched the last struggling breath,
And his bright eye closed for aye in death.

They bore his corse from his earthly home,
And placed it within the gray church dome ;
And there the last solemn rites were given,
There the prayer of faith went up to heaven.

The death-bell tolled,—'t was a solemn sound,
And the mourners stood in awe around ;
Perchance his spirit was hovering near
To soothe the heart, and to dry the tear.

The wife of his youth stood calmly there,
And her heart went up in silent prayer ;
The thought of earth, — 't was a lone, sad spot,
The thought of heaven, — 't was a brighter lot.

One lovely child stood there by her side,
Her mother's blessing, — her father's pride ;
Ah ! little heed had that young pure heart
What a bitter thing it was to part.

The coffin lid closed, a mournful thrill
Shot through our hearts, then all was still ;
They bore him away to his lone bed,
And left him there with the silent dead.

We mourn thee not though we miss thee here,
For thou dost dwell in a purer sphere,
Though thou dost sleep beneath the cold sod,
Thy spirit's at rest in heaven with God.

We love thee still when we think of thee,
And we trust thy face once more to see
In that fair land where the pure find rest,
The land of joy, the home of the blest.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE BIRD ON
GIVING IT ITS LIBERTY.

Go, little bird! I would not stay
Thy wing from its swift flight away,
For thou dost love the free clear sky,
Then spread thy wings and freely fly.

Go, seek thy mates, and sweetly sing,
And on the air rich music fling;
I'll list thy lay at morn's fresh hour,
When dew-drops rest on leaf and flower.

And when the noonday sun is bright,
And pours around a flood of light,
Thy notes shall cheer my weary heart,
And bid all care and grief depart.

And when the daylight fades away,
When the soft breezes gently play,
Then sing to me thy sweetest song,
And let the air its notes prolong.

Go, little bird, for thou art free,
Go rest thou on some waving tree,
Or lightly sail through the pure sky,
Thy tiny wings are free to fly.

EVENING.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

At this still hour my thoughts are free,
And I will wake my lyre for thee,
And while gay birds around me sing,
An humble lay to thee I bring.

The glow of daylight fades away,
And cooling breezes round me play;
The bright,—the glowing stars of even
Hold their high watch in yonder heaven.

Rich strains of music float me by,
And fill my heart with poesy;
With magic power it thrills my soul,
And my wild thoughts in numbers roll.

It is an hour to friendship dear,
An hour to check the flowing tear,
An hour to bid sad thoughts depart,
And soothe the weary mourner's heart.

I would not wish that thou may'st be
From every care and sorrow free,
For that were vain, alas ! in vain,
Pleasure is ever mixed with pain.

For thee I ask not wealth untold,
For coffers filled with shining gold,
Like morning dew away they flee,
I ask a *nobler* gift for thee.

I ask not that the breath of fame
May swell the honors of thy name ;
It burns awhile with fitful glow,
And then is seen no more below.

Thou hast a soul,—a gift divine,
Which will all other gifts outshine ;
It is a sacred boon from heaven,
To light thy path through life 't was given.

Thou hast the poet's magic power
To cheer thee in thy saddest hour,
A well of feeling in thy breast,
Which makes thee more than *doubly* blest.

I've gazed upon thy kindling eye
Turned in mute rapture to the sky ;
On fancy's wing I've soared with thee
To realms of bliss and purity.

Thou oft hast led my thoughts above,
Where blessed saints and angels rove,
And taught my youthful heart to glow
With love for Jesus here below.

I know my days will be but few
And fleeting as the morning dew ;
But though I love earth's scenes full well,
In yon bright mansion I would dwell.

And when I sleep beneath the sod,
When my freed spirit rests with God,
At such an hour,—on such an even,—
Oh ! think of me as blest in heaven.

Would that my feeble pen might trace
These visions bright of mine ;
Deep in my heart they have a place,
And wildly there they shine.

I cannot,—no ! I ne'er can tell.
What feelings fire my soul,
What wild thoughts oft within me dwell,
Thoughts which I can't control.

I look around on friends most dear,
I meet their kindly smile,
Their soothing tones I often hear,
Which glads my heart the while.

They cannot know how dear they are
To my young happy heart ;
And oh ! the thought I cannot bear,
That we must ever part.

But when they coldly pass me by,
Or sternly gaze on me,
Quickly the tear starts to my eye,
And happy visions flee.

Deal gently with me, friends most dear,
And kindly guide my youth ;
Then will I tread without one fear
The path of love and truth.

MONADNOC.

BEAUTIFUL mountain ! I gaze on thee,
As o'er thy summit clouds come and flee ;
While the shades of evening gently fall
And wrap thy proud form in darkness all.

I love to watch thee at eve's sweet hour,
For then my soul feels thy magic power ;
Then music's voice hath its sweetest tone,
And with joy I list the wind's low moan.

In childhood's days thou didst greet my sight,
And my young heart danced with wild delight;
Oh! how I wished for the free bird's wing,
To soar o'er thy rocks, and sweetly sing.

Thou art the charm of my girlhood's hours,
As I rove o'er fields mid leaves and flower's,
And catch a glimpse of thy rocky side,
Standing in glory, in strength, and pride.

The clouds play round thee all light and free,
Sporting like children half wild with glee;
A moment they rest, then flee away,
Unchained they are, and they may not stay.

The shades of evening now haste along,
And I, too, will close my humble song;
Thy form is veiled from my raptured sight,
Oh! beauteous mount! good night! good night!

MORNING.

THE day is dawning o'er vale and hill,
Softly the red light falls on stream and rill;
The bird's gay notes now strike upon the ear,
With music sweet as from the upper sphere.

The soft winds are waving the forest trees,
The flowers are just kissed by the passing breeze,
And it cools my brow, and fans my warm cheek,
While my heart glows with thoughts I may not speak.

The sun is just rising in yonder sky,
And is gilding yon mountain-top so high ;
Soon the pearly dew-drops away will flee,
Which rest on the leaves of the forest tree.

The sky is painted like a rainbow bright,
In glory and beauty it greets my sight ;
The light clouds are sailing all free on high,
How swiftly they come, how swiftly they fly.

Oh ! light is my heart, like a young bird's wing,
Like him would I soar and would sweetly sing ;
I would fly away to some fairy-land,
On some sunny spot how soon I would stand !

Morning ! bright morning ! how lovely art thou,
With thy mild breeze fanning my burning brow ;
But the sparkling dew is fleeing away,
To muse any longer I may not stay.

EVENING.

ANOTHER day is past and gone,
Night's solemn shades are drawn around,
Our daily tasks once more are done,
Alone I list the wind's low sound.

Bright stars are shining in the sky,
Like gems placed there by God's own hand;
Dark floating clouds are seen on high,
Like giants grim they move or stand.

No earthly voice strikes on the ear,
Hushed is each tone in silence deep,
Each heart forgets its hope, its fear,
While in the soft embrace of sleep.

My soul is sad, — I know not why,
Dark visions o'er my spirit flee;
I gaze upon the evening sky,
My thoughts, O God! go up to thee.

Would that the Christian's hope were mine,
How gladly would I pass away,
Would go to seek a purer clime
Of cloudless skies and endless day.

Father in Heaven! I pray to thee
To guard me through the hours of night,
And humbly will I bend the knee
When morn returns in glory bright.

"I WOULD BE A FAIRY."

I WOULD I were a fairy,
Away, away would I flee,
With heart all light and airy,
Would I bound o'er land and sea.

I would ride on the storm-cloud
As it sails on through the air,
When the thunder mutters loud,
And the fitful lightnings glare.

I would fly on the bird's wing
To some bright and sunny land;
Oh! how sweetly would I sing
To some joyous, happy band.

I would dive 'neath the blue wave,
To seek the mermaid's bright home;
In waters pure would I lave
Where no sorrow e'er might come.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I would soar to yon bright star,
Which now glitters on my sight,
Rolling through the sky so far,
Like a lovely thing of light.

I would I were a fairy,
Oh! how happy should I be,
With my gay wings so airy,
Bounding over land and sea.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

I WOULD not always linger here,
Where flows so oft the bitter tear,
Where sorrow has a home ;
For though this world is bright and fair
As dreams of fairy regions are,
I'd seek a world to come.

I WOULD not sojourn here below
When the tired spirit fain would go,
Weary of this sad earth ;
On angel wings I'd soar away
To realms where shines a brighter day,
Where sadness ne'er has birth.

I do not fear the quiet tomb,
Its silence, darkness, or its gloom,
Death has a charm for me ;

I'd sweetly sleep beneath the sod,
To seek the mansions of its God
My happy soul would flee.

O Jesus! may I rest above,
And share the blessings of thy love,
When I am called to die;
Oh! may I serve thee while below,
With fervent hope my spirit glow,
Till it shall soar on high.

“WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?”

THERE's beauty in the forest trees,
Waving in every passing breeze;
I love to list the rustling sound
Of sere leaves falling to the ground.

There's beauty rare in every flower
Which lives but for one sunny hour;
I love to cull those flowerets bright
That everywhere do greet my sight.

There's beauty in each flowing stream
Which in the sunlight dance and gleam;
I love to list their merry tone,
It cheers me when I'm sad and lone.

There's beauty in yon mountain grand,
Which guards my own, my native land ;
I love its granite rocks full well,
'Tis dearer far than I can tell.

There's beauty in each hill and dale,
At morning bright, or evening pale ;
I love to ramble wild and free
While glows my heart with poesy.

There's beauty in each dew-drop bright
Which sparkles in the new-born light ;
I love those pearly drops to see,
Though quick as thought away they flee.

There's beauty in the deep blue sky,
With light clouds sailing swiftly by ;
I love to watch their fleecy forms,
Whether in sunshine or in storms.

There's beauty in the morning light,
Painting the sky in colors bright ;
I love to breathe the sweet fresh air,
And bend the knee in grateful prayer.

There's beauty in the noontide hour,
Sunlight and music is its dower ;
I love to rest beneath some tree,
And think of God,— eternity.

There's beauty at the sun's decline,
What happy visions then are mine ;

Oh! how I love to steal away,
To watch the evening twilight gray.

There's beauty in each brilliant star
Twinkling in glory from afar;
I love to gaze on worlds so fair,
And dream of what is hidden there.

But though I love this earth so well,
I would not here forever dwell;
I'd seek a brighter, fairer sky,
And live with God in realms on high.

CHEER THEE, SISTER.

SISTER, droop thou not in sadness,
For though to-day the sky looks drear,
Well I know the hour of gladness
Will banish soon thy every fear.

Though dark clouds now hover o'er thee,
Veiling the sunlight from thine eye;
Though happy visions from thee flee,
Turn to that brighter home on high.

What though earth's friends may turn away,
And leave thy heart in deepest gloom;

There ever is one cheering ray
Pointing to rest beyond the tomb.

Come, cheer thee, drive dull care away,
Bid every saddening thought depart ;
The darkest hour precedes the day,
Then cheer thee, cheer thy drooping heart.

There still are those who love thee well,
Who will prove faithful, fond, and true ;
No longer let the tear-drop swell,
I gently, kindly ask of you.

Come, dearest sister, weep no more,
For while my youthful heart beats free,
Though darkest clouds around thee lower,
I e'er will be a friend to thee.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

I HEAR it in the wind's low moan,
Waving the lofty forest tree ;
It cheers me when I'm sad and lone,
When from the busy world I flee.

I hear it in the running stream,
Bounding in freedom through the glen ;

I love to wander there and dream,
Far from the bustling scenes of men.

I hear it in the bird's gay song,
Throughout the joyous summer day;
And when the evening draws along,
I love to list their sweetest lay.

I hear it in the awful storm,
When clouds roll darkly through the sky;
In fancy oft I see a form,
When to the heavens I turn my eye.

I hear it in the thunder's tone,
Striking in terror on the ear;
Oh! then I shrink to be alone,
And wildly beats my heart with fear.

Oh! may I listen to that voice,
Which calls me from the paths of sin;
Then will my happy heart rejoice,
And soothing peace will reign within.

WEEP FOR THE MOURNER, NOT FOR HIM THAT'S
DEAD.

Oh! weep not o'er the silent dead,
Perchance a weary spirit fled,
To seek a home on high;
Sickness and pain will be no more,
Sorrow and sighing all are o'er,
Oh! it was bliss to die.

But weep for those who linger here,
Tortured with doubt and anxious fear,
Who find no peace or rest;
Oh! shed a kindly tear for those,
Pity their griefs their heartfelt woes,
And strive to make them blest.

Oh! weep not when the lovely go,
They leave a world of guilt and woe,
For a far brighter land;
They join the songs of angels there,
And bow in holy, fervent prayer,
With that pure, heavenly band.

Far rather mourn that we must stay
So long from yon bright home away,
In this sad vale of tears;

And let us pray to meet above
With those who shared on earth our love,
And banished every fear.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDFATHER.

Six years, six short and fleeting years
Have passed with rapid flight away ;
Yet well I recollect the tears,
Which then were shed o'er thy cold clay.

I was a gay and careless child
When thou wast called away from earth ;
And though my grief was deep and wild,
Joy the next moment had its birth.

I gazed upon thy form so cold,
And then the bitter tear-drops fell ;
I meet not thy kind smile of old,
Oh ! how I wept I may not tell.

I placed my hand upon thy cheek,
Then started back in childlike fear ;
My heart was full, I could not speak,
I knew too well thou couldst not hear.

I knew I should not see thee more,
Or linger fondly by thy side ;

I knew thy earthly days were o'er,
And that the grave thy form would hide.

And when they laid thee in the tomb,
It looked so dark, so lone, so drear,
I thought it was a fearful doom,
And turned away to hide a tear.

They left thee there to sleep alone,
The green grass waving o'er thy head;
And oft the summer winds now moan
A requiem o'er thy peaceful bed.

And now I recollect full well
How oft I sat upon thy knee,
Listening to tales which thou wouldst tell,
Clapping my hands in childlike glee.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget thy smile,
Thy kindly look and gentle tone;
They did my petty cares beguile,
With happy smiles my face then shone.

How oft I clasped thy aged hand,
And drew thee from thy book away
Out in the open air to stand,
To help me in my youthful play.

Those years are fled, those years are fled,
They seem like pleasant dreams to me,
For thou art sleeping with the dead,
Thy aged form no more I see.

We may not meet thee here below,
But when our earthly days are o'er,
To yon bright heaven we hope to go
And meet thee there to part no more.

THE SPIRIT-VOICE.

I HEAR it, I hear it, — it calls me away,
It tells me on earth I no longer may stay;
Oh! sweet is the voice as an angel's might be,
Or tones of rich music which float o'er the sea.

Oh! gladly the summons now falls on my ear,
Which calls me away from each sorrow and fear;
I see the bright form of the Saviour on high,
To rest in his bosom my spirit will fly.

I hear it at midnight, — that still solemn hour,
It speaks to my soul in its might and its power;
I have heard it long, and I know it full well,
I know that with Jesus my spirit must dwell.

I hear it when mingling with those I hold dear,
And for a moment then swells the bitter tear;
For a moment a pang will shoot through my heart,
And from thoughts of death, oh! how wildly I start!

I hear it, I hear it, and soon must I go,
No longer, no longer I tarry below ;
I go in my youth with my feelings all high,
To seek a bright home beyond yon azure sky.

My young heart throbs wildly, but 'tis not with fear,
The harps of the angels sound sweetly and clear ;
I long to be with them to join that bright band,
All joyous I go to the fair spirit-land.

A REQUIEM OF SUMMER.

THE summer days are flying,
Like a swift bright bird away ;
Its last low breeze is sighing
A requiem o'er decay.

Our fairest flowers will perish
Like all lovely things below ;
As the dear friends we cherish,
Too soon from this earth they go.

It makes us droop in sadness
When we cast a glance around,
And hear no note of gladness,
No happy, joyous sound.

But though bright summer leaves us
With sunshine and with flowers,
Fond memory oft will lead us,
Far back to these happy hours.

STREW FLOWERS AROUND MY BIER.

“ When I die, lay something near me which has loved the light,
and had the sky above it always.”

STREW flowers around my bier
When I am called to die ;
Shed not one bitter tear,
Breathe not one heart-felt sigh.

I would not one should weep
Over my lifeless form ;
For sweet will be my sleep,
Free from life's restless storm.

But bring the flower and leaf,
And let the sunlight in ;
For though my life is brief,
I leave a world of sin.

Let the soft breezes blow,
And kiss my pallid cheek,

But check the tear's wild flow,
And softly, gently speak.

Then lay me in the ground,
The green grass o'er my head,
And let no mournful sound
Float round my peaceful bed.

But let the wild bird sing
Its sweetest, softest lay ;
The fairest flowerets bring,
And scatter o'er my clay.

Oh! I shall sweetly rest
Beneath the waving tree ;
To mansions of the blest
My happy soul will flee.

Then weep not o'er my bier
When I am called to die ;
Shed not one bitter tear,
Breathe not one heart-felt sigh.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

MY home, my home, my childhood's home,
Thou art far, far away,
While I in stranger lands now roam,
Far from thy cheering ray.

I hear not now my mother's voice,
So sweet in days of yore ;
It made my infant heart rejoice,
Will it ne'er greet me more ?

I miss her hand upon my head
When daylight fades away,
Praying that God might ever shed
His blessings round my way.

I miss my father's mild dark eye
Which used to rest on me ;
How oft I breathe the bitter sigh,
And long for wings to flee,

That I might rest beneath the shade
And meet my father there,
Where with my brothers I have played
When I was free from care.

I hear no more my sister's tone,
Like music on my ear ;

I feel what 't is to be alone,
Far from my home so dear.

Oh! am I never more to feel
A sister's holy love?
Devoted e'er in woe or weal,
Till we are called above.

My brothers, too, where, where are they,
Who loved me long and well?
Oh! have their sunny locks grown gray?
Do tears their bright eyes swell?

Do they still linger by the side
Of father, mother dear?
And are they still their hope, their pride,
As death's dark hour draws near?

My home, my home, my mountain home!
For thee how oft I sigh;
Oh! sweetly in my dreams ye come
To bless my longing eye.

LINES TO E..... C..... D.....

WEEP not, dear aunt, for thou art not alone,
Though thy loved husband from thy side was torn,
Then check the tear-drop, cease thine anguished moan,
His spirit to a brighter world was borne.

Thou art not all alone, — kind friends are near,
Who love thee, who will ever love thee well;
And though thy future lot in life seems drear,
Though with deep grief at times thy heart doth swell,

Yet blessings still are thine; thy lovely child
Is left to gladden both thy heart and home;
Lead her in virtue's path, all undefiled;
Train her young heart for trials yet to come.

For trials will beset her in this life;
We look in vain for blessings e'er to stay;
But oh! there is a land where pain and strife
Will find no home, where there is no decay.

There dwells thy husband; he is now at rest,
From his high home perchance he watches thee;
In that fair land, among those angels blest,
He waits to welcome when thy soul is free.

I know thy heart is desolate, that tears
Will chase each other down thy pale, worn cheek ;
Thy spirit oft is bowed with doubts and fears,
And wrung with agony thou ne'er canst speak.

Yet God is with thee, lean on His strong arm,
Trust in His promise, bow to His control ;
He'll lead thee safe through life from every harm,
And guide to heaven thy never-dying soul.

Then cheer thee, drive each gloomy thought away,
Bow in submission to the chastening rod ;
Thou wilt not have to linger here for aye,
But soon will go to meet thy Friend and God.

THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

MOTHER, draw near me, the cold hand of death
Is on my cheek, soon, soon this feeble breath
Will cease forever, and the damp, lone tomb
Enshroud me in its darkness and its gloom ;
But I shall rest most sweetly, I shall be
From grief and pain, from all earth's sorrows free.
I do not fear to die, to bid farewell
To all earth's scenes, yet I would longer dwell
With friends I love so dearly, I would stay
Till youth's bright hopes and visions pass away.

But I have heard the summons, and I go
Where sighings cease, where tears shall never flow ;
I hear sweet music on the evening air,
It soothes my heart, and drives away each care ;
Then grieve not, mother, thou, too, soon wilt rise
To meet with God and angels in the skies.

Father, come hither also ; shall you weep
When in the silent grave thy child doth sleep ?
Wilt thou not miss me when the prayer is said,
And think of her who rests among the dead ?
I know thou wilt, but never wish me here,
For I shall dwell in a far purer sphere.
I love thee, father, yes, I love thee well,
And with deep grief I know thy heart will swell
When my frail life is o'er, when death shall come
To bear thy daughter from her earthly home ;
But murmur not, bow to the chastening rod,
Say in thy heart, "Thy will be done, O God !"
And let thy prayers at morn and eve ascend
That He may guard, protect, and be thy Friend,
That when thy days on earth shall all be o'er,
We meet in heaven, and meet to part no more.

Brother, my hour is come, and it is well ;
Then check the tear-drop, thy deep feelings quell ;
Oh ! do not wish me longer to remain,
To bear earth's trials, to endure such pain.
My heart is beating slowly, feebly now ;
And death's cold sweat is gathering on my brow ;

Come to my bedside, give one parting kiss,
I leave you for a better home than this ;
I go in youth, ere sorrows dim the eye,
I have lived happy, happy let me die.
Angels are smiling round me, and a throng
Of sweet-toned beings cheer me with their song !
The sound of harps fall on my dying ear ;
Brother, dear brother, do you also hear ?
Farewell, a short farewell ! oh, meet me where
The heart is free from sorrow, pain, and care.

O, sister ! dearest, it is hard to part
With thee, for to my young and loving heart
Thou hast been strongly bound ; but I must go
And leave thee bowed in deepest grief and woe ;
But droop thou not in sadness, lift thine eye
Beyond the portals of the bright blue sky ;
Think of me often, and as often pray
That God may cheer thee on thy lonely way ;
I will watch o'er thee, I will love thee still,
Will visit thee in dreams, and strive to fill
Thy heart with holy feelings, until death
Shall lay thee low, and check thy vital breath.
My eye grows dim, but lo ! the Saviour's near ;
I leave the earth without one thought or fear,
For to my heart the blessed hope is given,
Sister, sweet sister, that we meet in heaven !

"STRANGE that the heart should wither
Ere the better years of manhood come ;
That youth's bright eye should lose a tear
Ere time has marked it for the tomb."

OH, no ! it is not strange in this sad world of ours,
That blight should early come and fade life's sunny
flowers,
That every ray of hope which cheers the youthful
heart,
Should quickly pass away, each happy thought depart.

Not strange the cheek should pale, the eye should dim
with tears,
And that the heart should droop beneath its weight of
fears ;
For 't is the fate of those who sojourn long below,
That they should fill life's cup with human grief and
woe.

Sadly we watch the clouds gathering around our way,
They haunt our dreams by night, they meet our gaze
by day ;
Kind friends, perchance, are near to cheer us with their
smile,
Our thoughts they cannot know, our secret care beguile.

But oh ! we have a boon, a fount of tears is ours,
It will relieve the soul e'en in its saddest hours ;
Yes, 't will relieve the soul of all its pent up woe ;
The heart must surely break, could not the tear-drop
flow.

And we can come to God, who knoweth all our care,
Can kneel before His throne, and offer up a prayer ;
A prayer of faith and love will to our God ascend,
And He will stoop to hear, will deign to be our Friend.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

ANOTHER year has fled away,
With us it could not longer stay ;
Its joys and sorrows all are o'er,
And yet we tread life's beaten shore.

Now on this lovely new year's morn,
On which a thousand hopes are born,
I give you all a kindly cheer,
And wish you a most happy year.

Ye sturdy farmers of our land,
A brave and patriotic band,
Whose noble hearts ne'er beat with fear,
For you I wish a happy year.

All ye mechanics, far and wide,
Whose cheeks do glow with honest pride,
May life to you ne'er dark appear,
I wish you, too, a happy year.

Ye lawyers, too, who nobly plead
The cause of those who stand in need;
With hearts so warm, with minds so clear,
List to my wish, a happy year.

Physicians kind, where'er ye dwell,
In city dark, or sunny dell,
Whose lot it is to bless and cheer,
I wish you joy, — a happy year.

Ye teachers, loved by young and old,
Ye guides to founts more prized than gold,
Founts which are ever bright and clear,
Truly I wish a happy year.

Ye ministers, who oft proclaim
Mercy and truth in Jesus' name;
And most of all, our pastor dear,
I wish a happy, happy year.

Ye ladies old, ye ladies young,
On whom our weal or woe is hung;
Ye who were sent on mercy here,
Oh! may this prove a happy year.

That God who rules both earth and heaven,
To us a blessed boon hath given ;
If we obey Him, love and fear,
'T will be indeed a happy year.

THE DYING NEGRO BOY.

THE glowing sun to earth had bid farewell,
Night's gloomy shades hung over hill and dell,
The wind in fitful gusts went sweeping by,
While bright the stars shone in the azure sky ;
The moon looked calmly down from her high home,
And found a mate far in old ocean's foam.
The flowers were sleeping on the green hill-side,
The birds last notes upon the air had died.
The rich old planter, too, had sought repose,
Regardless of the sighs, the tears, the woes
Of his poor slaves who toiled from day to day,
From early morn to evening twilight gray ;
Ah, little thought he of the throbbing head,
The aching limbs reclining on a bed
Of wretched straw, for he was taking rest
On downy pillows, care had fled his breast.

In a low hut beside his palace high,
That night a negro boy was called to die ;

No mother's eye watched o'er him, she was dead,
Long years before, her weary spirit fled ;
Sweetly she slept beneath the willow tree,
Though slaved on earth, in heaven she now was free.
His father, where was he ? — oh, ask not where,
But for the heart-sick slave breathe one kind prayer.
Sad was his lot away from friends most dear,
O'er his dark cheek oft rolled the bitter tear ;
Oft from his heart the silent prayer arose,
At morning's dawn, and at the bright day's close,
That God might call him home, that he might rest
His weary head upon the green earth's breast.
But he toiled on with a lone, heavy heart,
Willing to go, aye, sighing to depart.

But death came kindly to the negro boy ;
He met its summons with a thrill of joy ;
From parents dear he had been torn away,
On this lone earth he cared not now to stay ;
Few were his years, yet full of grief and woe, —
Why should he wish to linger here below ?
One faithful friend stood by him, his dark eye
Was turned in rapture on the evening sky.
Faintly he spoke, — “ Mother, where art thou, where ?
Art thou in heaven, and shall I meet you there ?
They tell me thou art happy in that land
Where *all* are *free*, a bright and joyous band ;
Will God receive me when my body dies,
And will my spirit mount into the skies ?
Oh, I have prayed to meet thee night and day !
I have shed bitter tears above thy clay,

Have longed to rest in quiet by thy side,
Where woes and sorrows never more betide.
The hand of death is on me, lo ! I come
To greet thee, mother, in thine own blest home."

His voice then ceased, he yielded up his breath,
The negro boy now slept the sleep of death.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Rest, lovely infant, rest thy head
Upon thine own soft cradle-bed ;
A mother's eye is watching thee,
From every danger thou art free.

Sweetly thou sleepest, free from care,
What other sight can be more fair
Beneath the bright and sunny sky,
To thy young mother's loving eye.

Thou art, indeed, a floweret bright,
On her lone pathway shedding light,
A gleam of sunshine to her soul,
When sorrow's clouds above her roll.

How lovely is thy infant smile,
How pure thy heart from sin and guile ;

Who knows how full of grief and woe
May be thy sojourn here below.

May Jesus bless thee, darling one,
And when thy earthly course is run,
May He receive thee to his breast,
And give thee everlasting rest.

TO A BIRD IN MIDWINTER.

SAY, lovely bird, why dost thou linger here,
Mid scenes so dark, so desolate, and drear?
No summer sun is shining o'er thy head;
The leaves are scattered, every floweret dead,
The grass is faded on the breezy hills,
The ice hath bound the streams and dancing rills.

Why dost thou linger, — why not haste away,
Why amid winds and storms prolong thy stay?
No gentle breezes fan thy downy breast,
Among our groves thou now canst find no rest.
Dark, fearful clouds are sailing through the air;
King Winter brings decay to all things fair.

Why dost thou linger, — what can chain thee here?
Doth not thy little heart beat wild with fear
When winds are blowing, when fierce storms arise,
And veil in darkness the bright sunny skies?

When snows lie deep on all the hills around,
And no green spot, no shelt'ring nook is found ?

Why dost thou linger ? — there are skies more fair,
Where flowers ne'er fade, where balmy is the air ;
Where richest fruits hang on the waving trees,
And cooling winds come blowing o'er the seas ;
There forests, — fields and hills are ever green,
Winter's dark footsteps never there are seen.

Why dost thou linger ? there thy mates are gone,
And left thee here forsaken and forlorn ;
There they are sailing through a sunny sky,
While thou art waiting here to droop and die ;
Thy wing is weary, and thy songs are o'er,
And thou wilt cheer us with thy notes no more.

But when the spring returns, — when winter flies,
And when the sun shines brightly in the skies ;
When flowers come back, and the green leaves appear,
And all thy mates are once more with us here,
Thou wilt be missing, — we no more shall see
Thy tiny form upon the forest tree.

But thou wilt lie all still, and cold, and dead,
Perchance upon some violet's blue bed ;
Thy bright eye closed, broken thy shining wing,
While o'er thy head some gayer bird may sing ;
While flowers are growing round thee bright and fair,
Music and sunshine reigning in the air.

“YE STARS, WHICH ARE THE POETRY OF
HEAVEN. — *Byron.*”

I LOVE those stars so fair and bright,
Which glitter in the azure sky ;
I love those watchers of the night,
Which hold their festivals on high.

When sinks the bright sun to its rest,
Behind the hills and mountains gray,
And when the blue lake's placid breast,
Reflects no more its cheering ray ;

When evening's shades are drawn around
This lovely earth, and o'er the sea,
When hushed is every jarring sound,
And every heart from care is free ;

Oh ! then I watch with beating heart
The first light of that evening star,
And longs my rapt soul to depart,
To freely range mid worlds so far.

Could I but soar with tireless wing
Beyond the eagle's lofty flight,
I'd hie me to that star, and bring
Back to this earth a form of light.

May it not be some being's home
All free from sin, from pain and woe?
Perchance o'er lovely plains they roam,
By gentle rivers murmuring low.

Perchance rich music fills the air,
And swells on every passing breeze;
May be the skies are ever fair,
And ever smooth the deep blue seas.

I love for hours to sit alone
Upon a quiet summer's even,
To listen to the wild wind's moan,
And gaze upon yon starry heaven.

Each little star which twinkles there
Seems like a loving friend to me;
And when my heart is filled with care,
It bids all sorrow quickly flee.

What are they? shall we ever know
The secrets of the midnight skies,
When from the scenes of earth we go,
When the frail body droops and dies?

What are they? — can the poet tell,
The painter, or the sage of old
What kindly beings there do dwell?
'T is mystery all, — a tale untold!

Whate'er they are I love them well,
They shine above my own dear home;
They cause my heart with joy to swell,
I'll ever love yon starry dome.

"FRIENDSHIP IS BUT A NAME."

'Tis false, 'tis false, whoe'er may say
That friendship's but a name;
That time and change will bring decay,
Will quench that holy flame.

The spring returns with birds and flowers,
Rich music fills the air;
On joyous wings glide by the hours,
The wide world bright and fair.

The summer comes with fields of green,
The foliage of the trees;
Gay flowers in every path are seen,
Kissed by the passing breeze.

Autumn draws on with faded leaf,
Rustling with mournful sound,
Telling to mortals life is brief,
That here no home is found.

Stern winter, then, with chilling breath
Brings ruin and decay ;
Scatt'ring around him seeds of death,
Without one cheering ray.

Not so with friendship, — it will bloom,
Forever and for aye ;
'T will live beyond the silent tomb,
'T will never fade away.

Weary I am of living here,
Where the heart finds no rest ;
Where flows so oft the burning tear,
And sadness haunts the breast.

A DREAM.

ONCE on a lovely, quiet summer's even,
Sweet flower-scents floating on the balmy air,
I had a dream, a blessed dream of heaven,
Methought I was an angel dwelling there.

Oh ! it was sweeter than the poet's dream,
Fairer than painter's hand could e'er unfold ;
I bathed my brow in Jordan's holy stream,
With happy feelings which could ne'er be told.

There was no sorrow, — all was peace and joy,
The burning tear was wiped from every eye;
Pleasure was reigning there without alloy,
There flowerets bloomed which ne'er could droop or die.

I, too, was happy, free from sin and pain,
No cloud of sadness brooded o'er my heart,
With a light step I walked that heavenly plain,
I knew full well those joys would ne'er depart.

Jesus stood by me, — and His mild blue eye
Was turned in love and kindness on my own;
It was his hand which guided me on high,
And placed me there before His Father's throne.

And oh! what strains of music cheered my soul,
What sweet-toned voices fell upon my ear;
I heard the organ's mighty anthems roll,
While the soft lyre's note sounded full and clear.

Angels were standing round me on each hand,
With melting heart I listened to their strains,
I gazed in rapture on that white-robed band
As they passed by me o'er those bright green plains.

I was at rest, forever there at rest,
From that bright place I never more should roam;
My lot was happy, — yes, I was most blest,
For there I was in my eternal home.

THE GIFT.

THERE is one gift to mortals given,
Which is the richest boon of heaven,
'T will live when earth shall cease to roll ;
That gift is the undying soul.

MY LYRE.

FOR many a long and weary day
This tuneful lyre has been unstrung,
Its trembling wires have ceased to play,
Or wildly, — mournfully have sung.

Rudely the breeze around it blows,
And sweeps above its shrinking form ;
In low, sad strains its music flows
In mournful cadence to the storm.

In former days this soothing lyre
Oft lulled to peace my troubled breast ;
Oft have I struck the quivering wire,
Its music always brought me rest.

I've sat and watched the morning's dawn ,
Return to gladden earth and sky ;
Sweet flower-scents floating from the lawn
The sky-lark soaring free and high.

Oh ! then my heart has been so gay,
So free from care, so free from pain,
That I have longed to soar away
Where sorrow ne'er could come again.

And sweetly then my lyre would sound,
Soft as the bird-note, and as clear,
And it would echo far around,
While the gay lark would pause to hear.

I, too, have sat at evening's hour,
When twilight reigned o'er this fair earth ;
Have yielded to its witching power,
Till wild, wild thoughts have had their birth.

I've had sad thoughts steal o'er my heart
When eve's bright tints have passed away ;
And I have felt the tear-drop start,
While mournfully the breeze would play.

Then, then my lyre would cheer my soul,
Would chase the tear-drop from my eye ;
Each troubled thought away would roll,
And my sad visions quickly fly.

When the still midnight hour drew near,
And stars were out in yon blue dome,

Oft has a voice all silvery clear,
Upcalled me to a brighter home.

While list'ning to that spirit-voice
How wildly would these pulses play ;
E'en then my young heart would rejoice
That I so soon should pass away.

The passing breeze would strike my lyre,
And music, sweet as angels know,
Would tremble on the slender wire,
Until a tear of joy would flow.

That lyre has ceased to cheer me now,
Its sweet notes fall not on my ear,
A cloud of sadness shades my brow,
The world looks dark, and lone, and drear.

But yet one star gleams through the night
And sheds on me its cheering ray,
A harbinger of coming light,
And points me to a brighter day.

I know this lyre will thrill once more,
Although its chords were mute so long ;
Those fitful winds will cease to roar,
Again I'll listen to its song.

THE LILY.

SWEET flower, I love thee, for thou art
An emblem of the pure in heart,
Upspringing from the waters bright,
The fairest thing which greets the sight.

The snow-flake falling from the sky,
Scarce seems so spotless to the eye
As thy white petals which are seen,
Surrounded by thy leaves so green.

I loved thee well in childhood's days,
Ere I had learned the world's cold ways,
Ere my heart knew that clouds could rise,
And spread their darkness through the skies.

Yes, in those bright and sunny hours,
I loved thee more than other flowers
Which in the forest's paths were seen,
Which decked the fields and meadows green.

With bounding heart I sought the glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
And bending o'er the water's side,
I drew thee from the sparkling tide.

I bound thee in a sweet boquet,
And bore thee to my home away ;

A fitting gift for friends most dear,
Those whom we love and cherish here.

Oh! I was then a happy child,
Nor dreamed of grief, or anguish wild;
Life seemed all fair, the earth all bright,
And my young heart was all delight.

Those sunny hours soon passed away,
And with them fled those visions gay;
I'd give the world to be again
As joyous, and as gay as then.

Yes, blessed are the days of youth,
Those days of innocence and truth,
When the lip ever wears a smile,
And the young heart is free from guile.

Oft in my dreams bright visions rise
Of sunny lands, — of cloudless skies;
Through the green fields and woods I stray,
Once more a happy child at play.

SPRING.

SPRING is coming, — hark ! the birds sing ;
 Music sweet is on the air ;
Had I, too, that little bird's wing,
 I would mount and warble there.

Spring is coming, — joy and gladness
 Visit earth and sky once more ;
Let us banish thoughts of sadness,
 For dark winter's storms are o'er.

Spring is coming, — soon the wild flowers
 Will adorn each hill and dell ;
How lightly, then, will glide the hours,
 While we bid each grief farewell.

Spring is coming, — list its voices,
 All this lovely earth seems fair ;
While all nature now rejoices
 Mortals should not yield to care.

Though the spirit's wing is weary,
 Though the heart is full of grief,
Though the wide world seems most dreary,
 And the tear-drop brings relief ;

Though at times we feel sad-hearted,
And with anxious thoughts oppress,
Though our joys seem all departed,
And we long for peace and rest ;

Yet we would not yield to sorrow,
Though the sky is dark to-day,
Bright the sun may shine to-morrow,
Driving sadness far away.

Welcome, Spring, — we will not greet thee
With sad looks and bitter tears,
But with hearts from sorrow free,
Leaving grief for after years.

APRIL.

BEAUTIFUL April, — thou hast come once more,
Thy sunny smiles proclaim that winter's o'er,
The threatening storm-cloud now has left the sky,
While those of golden hue attract the eye ;
And, as o'er hills and through the vales we roam,
With raptured hearts we gaze on yon blue dome.

Beautiful April, — thou hast come with flowers,
Their charms can soothe us in our saddest hours ;

We love them well where'er they may be seen,
The smallest ones half hid by leaves so green ;
They clothe the hills in colors bright and gay,
And seem too lovely e'er to fade away.

Beautiful April, — thy soft breezes blow,
Fanning the brow, — causing the cheek to glow ;
From southern lands they come, where winter's breath
Is never felt, bringing decay and death ;
But where the trees and fields are ever green,
Where fairest flowers throughout the year are seen.

Beautiful April, — thou hast also come
With music sweet, to cheer our earthly home ;
A thousand birds are seen on shining wing,
And, as they soar, how sweetly do they sing.
O lovely warblers ! could I only fly,
I'd sail with thee through yonder azure sky.

Beautiful April, — short will be thy stay,
E'en while I sing, thy hours now pass away ;
Perchance before another year's return
The fitful lamp of life will cease to burn,
And the same cheek which feels thy cooling breath,
Will pale beneath the icy hand of death.



MOURNERS.

WEARY mourners, cease thy weeping,
Shed no more the bitter tear
For the lovely one that's sleeping
Sweetly on the sable bier.

Though thy hearts are filled with anguish,
Wouldst thou have the freed one stay?
Where her gentle soul might languish,
Where the burning tear might stray?

Knows't thou not that angel voices
Called her spirit from the earth,
That in heaven it now rejoices,
In its bright immortal birth?

Mother, mother, tender mother,
Raise thy thoughts to God above,
Yield her calmly to another,
Yield her to a Saviour's love.

Thou hast guarded her in childhood
With a fond, unceasing care,
Thou hast guided her in girlhood,
Breathing oft a mother's prayer.

Gaze upon each lovely feature,
'T is on earth the last, last time ;

She is now a happy creature,
 Blooming in a heavenly clime.

Gentle father, well thou weepest,
 Dear the lost one was to thee;
 Though in death the loved one sleepest,
 Yet her blissful soul is free.

See, her eye is closed forever,
 See, her cheek has lost its bloom,
 And her smile will greet thee never
 From the dark, the silent tomb.

Grieve no more at morn or even,
 Let the tear-drop cease to flow;
 Thy sweet child was called to heaven,
 Calmly let the angel go.

Brother kind, thy sister loved thee
 With a deep and holy love,
 And her spirit soon will greet thee
 In that brighter home above.

Let that thought be with thee ever,
 Let it check the rising sigh,
 Soon thou art to dwell forever
 With thy sister in the sky.

Thou wilt hear the angels singing,
 Thou wilt see thy sister there,

While ten thousand harps are ringing
With sweet music on the air.

Loving sister, tears are stealing
Down thy young and pallid cheek,
The heart's deepest grief revealing,
More, far more than words could speak.

Sad thou art, and lonely-hearted,
Standing by thy sister's bier;
For the loved one, the departed,
Never more can meet thee here.

As the summer flower is dying,
As the rainbow fades away,
As the swift-winged hours are flying,
Thus thy sister passed away.

Cease, then, mourners, cease thy weeping,
Shed no more the bitter tear
For the lovely one that's sleeping
Sweetly on the sable bier.

When the morning light is glowing
Richly in the eastern sky;
When the dewy tears are flowing
From each little floweret's eye;

When the day again is closing,
When the twilight reigns around,

And the tiny birds reposing,
Fill the air with sweetest sound;

When ye gather round the altar,
When the Holy Book is read,
And the trembling lip doth falter,
When the humble prayer is said;

Think her angel form is bending
Gently there beside thy own;
Think her voice is sweetly blending
With harps around the Saviour's throne.

TIME.

DEAL gently, gently with us, time,
Take not the flowers of life away,
For in this cold ungenial clime,
We need their sweets to cheer our stay.

Swift as the eagle takes its way,
Swift as the lightning's fitful glow,
Thy flight is bearing us away
From all these lovely scenes below.

Deal gently, time, — nor dim the eye
With shadows of the darksome tomb;

Let not the clouds o'ershade the sky,
Casting o'er earth a spell of gloom.

Let not the bitter tear-drop start,
Rung from the anguish of the soul;
Bid each unhappy thought depart,
Each cloud of sorrow quickly roll.

Deal gently, time, — steal not the rose,
And place the lily on the cheek;
But let that cheek which brightly glows,
A light and happy heart bespeak.

Too soon at best that glow will fade,
The icy worm will revel there;
Death ever loveth to invade
The things which seem most bright and fair.

Deal gently, time, — the coral lip
Of joyous youth oft meets the eye,
Tempting the honey-bee to sip,
As on light wing he passes by.

O touch that lip with gentle breath,
Take not its lovely hue away,
Let not too soon the hand of death
Impress its seal upon *such* clay.

Deal gently, time, — that brow so fair
Has never worn a shade of gloom;
No thought of grief, — no thought of care
Hath stole away the lily's bloom.

That brow seems like a cloudless sky,
Or like a calm unruffled sea,
But when a few more years pass by,
Alas ! how sad the change we see !

Deal gently, time, — those tresses bright,
Which float upon the summer breeze,
They gleam like sunshine on our sight,
Like the rich amber of the seas.

Bring not a change too soon, O time !
A change upon those tresses gay ;
Let not too soon this wintry clime
Turn those bright locks to mournful gray.

Deal gently, gently with us, time,
And though earth's lovely things depart,
As in a cold, ungenial clime,
Deal gently with the human heart.

LINES WRITTEN UPON PLUCKING THE FIRST
SWEET FLOWERS OF SPRING.

WELCOME, welcome lovely flowers,
Welcome to this world of ours ;
I have watched thy coming long,
Listening to the bird's gay song.

Thou hast come in early spring,
Ere a richer blossoming
Decks the hills in colors gay,
Ere the summer breezes play.

Thou hast come ere fields are green,
Ere the tender leaf is seen,
Or the winter scarce has flown
With its sad and mournful tone.

Thou hast come to cheer each heart,
Bidding every grief depart ;
For we would not yield to care,
While earth's scenes are all so fair.

Thou hast come, — but 'short thy stay,
Soon thy sweets will pass away ;
Emblems of our lives thou art,
Bud and blossom, — then depart.

But perchance we love thee more,
Since thy lives so soon are o'er ;
Then welcome, welcome lovely flowers,
Welcome to this world of ours.

THE CLOUD.

THERE is a cloud in yonder sky,
Its shadow falls upon my heart;
It pales the cheek, it dims the eye,
Oh! would that shadow might depart.

A mournful breeze strikes on my ear,
I sit and listen to its tone,
Till sadly flows the silent tear,
And this lone heart feels doubly lone.

The earth is fair,—the sky is bright,
Except that dark portentous cloud,
Wher e'er I turn it meets my sight,
And veileth all things with a shroud.

I often watch the glorious sun,
Descending in the western sky;
Sometimes I wish my race were run,
And in the quiet tomb could lie.

Oh! could my life as calmly close
As sinks 'that bright sun to its rest;
How sweetly should I then repose
Upon the green earth's peaceful breast.

I see the glowing stars of night,
Like brilliant gems in yon blue dome,
Shining with their pale, silvery light,
Above my own, — my childhood's home.

Were my tired spirit free from clay
I would not linger long below ;
But plume my wings, and soar away
Where those wild midnight fires do glow.

The moon looks down on this fair earth,
While 'neath its soft enchanting ray
A thousand glories have their birth,
Till night seems almost fair as day.

Those moonbeams fall upon me now
Pure as the light of angel's eye ;
They chase the shadows from my brow,
And from my cheek the tear-drops dry.

And when the morning light is seen,
When the bright sun again appears,
And every flower which decks the green,
Is wet with nature's dewy tears ;

When the gay lark is soaring high,
And pouring forth its sweetest song ;
When o'er the lake, and through the sky,
Rich strains of music float along.

I turn away from sounds so sweet,
From scenes so lovely and so fair, .

And shudder as I sadly meet
The dark, dark cloud that's floating there.

Would that some gentle breeze might blow,
And waft that cloud far, far away ;
How joyously my heart would glow,
How freely would my pulses play.

Oh ! how I long to feel at rest,
As happy as in days of yore ;
Sweet peace should reign within my breast,
The burning tear should stray no more.

But yet whate'er my lot may be,
In this dark world of grief and care ;
Father in heaven, I turn to thee,
For thou canst give me strength to bear.

MAY-DAY MORNING.

MAY-DAY morning, — May-day morning !
Hark ! a thousand voices sing ;
While the first gray light is dawning,
Hills and groves with echoes ring.

Listen to the birds' glad voices
Welling up from hearts so gay ;

Listen, for all earth rejoices
That 't is May, — 't is once more May.

Come and see the flowerets springing
From the green and shady dell,
On the breeze sweet odors flinging,
Oh! we love those flowerets well.

Come, ye children, — scenes of gladness
Woo thee from thy homes away;
Cast aside each look of sadness,
Join the chorus, — “May, sweet May!”

Come, ye maidens, — happy-hearted,
With your locks of sunny hair;
Lo! the winter has departed,
Come and view these beauties rare.

Come, all creatures, — join your voices,
Sing one loud, — long, — joyous lay,
For the earth, sea, sky rejoices,
Swell the chorus, — “May, 't is May!”

LINES WRITTEN FOR S.... C..... H....

"LIFE is a sea," — a mighty ocean,
 Awhile the gentle breezes play ;
 The sparkling waves with graceful motion
 Now proudly rise, — now ebb away.

Again the thunder's voice is pealing
 In anger through the troubled sky ;
 The lightning's flash anon revealing
 The dangers that are threatening nigh.

Yes, life is changing, — changing ever,
 It will be so till death's dark hour ;
 While breath remains, oh ! never, never
 Shall we be free from sorrow's power.

But sweet the thought, God watches o'er us
 With a fond father's care and love ;
 And whether weal or woe betide us,
 His arm can guide us safe above.

LINES UPON THE DEATH OF L.... C..... H...

HARK! on the breeze there comes a dirge-like tone,
 Far over mount and stream that breeze hath flown;
 Swift as the daring eagle's course on high,
 Or fitful lightning's flash athwart the sky,
 It comes upon us, listen to its tale,
 Well may the eye grow dim, the cheek turn pale;
 Tidings it bears from Michigan's wild shore,
 Of a loved being who is now no more;
 Of one who left her own sweet mountain home,
 A sunny spot beneath New England's dome,
 Where she had spent full many happy hours,
 In time of bird-song, when the sweet wild flowers
 Were blooming richly in the shady dell,
 And on the hill-side where the sunbeams fell;
 When the tall forest-trees were cloth'd in green,
 And fairy footsteps everywhere were seen;
 When the fresh morning and the noonday bright,
 And glowing evening brought some new delight
 To her young happy heart, while her blue eye
 Would turn in rapture to the starry sky,
 Holding close commune with her heavenly Friend,
 While her low voice in music sweet would blend
 With passing zephyrs, till the very air
 Seemed to be filled with spirits pure and fair,

As those who have their bright, immortal birth,
Freed from the sorrows and the cares of earth.

And when the Summer with its wealth had flown,
When stern king Winter, with a fearful tone,
Came sweeping onward, with his blighting breath
Dooming all bright things to decay and death ;
When snows lay heaped on all the hills around,
And no green leaf, no floweret fair was found ;
Glad was the meeting round the joyous hearth,
The sweetest, dearest spot of all the earth ;
A spot round which the heart will fondly twine
Closer and stronger, as the tender vine
Clings to the strong old oak while lightning's fly,
And the rude whirlwind madly rushes by ;
There she was loved with deep, strong, deathless love,
Almost as pure as angels know above ;
There oft the song arose, loud, full, and clear,
And fell all soothing on the listening ear ;
There, too, at eve the Holy Book was read,
In accents sweet the humble prayer was said,
Then with a parting smile, a kind good night,
Went to calm slumbers and to visions bright.

A home, endeared by such strong holy ties,
How *could* she leave for one 'neath western skies ?
How leave those friends whose tears did freely flow,
That she so dear unto their hearts must go ?
But most of *all*, how *could* she leave behind
A mother dear, brothers and sisters kind ?

Calmly, though sadly, bid them all farewell,
 Far, far away in strangers' land to dwell?
 But she went forth, — a tear-drop in her eye,
 While in her bosom hope was beating high;
 She left her home, her friends, without one fear,
 To brave the world with one who was more dear
 To her young heart than all the world beside,
 And by the altar she became his bride;
 There by the altar, too, his vows were given
 Which angels heard and registered in heaven,
 To love and cherish her till death's cold hand
 Should lead them captives to the spirit land.

And was she happy? — did no cloud pass by
 To dim the brightness of life's summer sky?
 Were the sweet dreams of early years fulfilled,
 Those girl-like visions which so often thrilled
 Her youthful heart like music soft and low,
 While her eye kindled and her cheek would glow?
 And was the trusted faithful? — did his eye
 Turn to her fondly, as in days gone by?
 Yes! she was happy, while with love and pride,
 She blessed the hour when she became his bride.
 'Tis true, at times her thoughts would sadly rove,
 Back to her home and scenes of early love;
 Then to her eye the bright, warm tear would start,
 Upwelling freely from her beating heart;
 A mother's voice again was in her ear,
 A sister's face once more was smiling near,
 A brother's hand upon her arm was felt,
 Oh! who *could* wonder that her heart *should* melt?

But even *then*, although *so sad*, the sound
 Of one loved voice would cause that heart to bound
 Again with gladness, — starting from her seat
 Would hasten forth his happy smile to meet,
 Fall on his bosom, check the flowing tear,
 And sweetly murmur, “my heart’s home is here.”

Such scenes, so happy, how *could* death invade,
 Casting around a deep and with’ring shade?
 How could he come and with relentless hand
 Break the strong ties which bound that household
 band? —

Why must the fairest flowers the first decay,
 The brightest rainbow tints first fade away?
 Why dost thou ask? — alas! we *only* know
 ■ That those *best* loved are *ever* first to go.
 And *so she* died, — no earthly hand could save
 The loved, the lovely, from her early grave.
 No mother’s eye watched o’er her dying bed,
 No sister there the farewell tear to shed,
 No brother there to talk of Jesus’ love,
 And of a brighter, better world above;
 But in that strangers’ land she breathed her last,
 Mid strangers there her young freed spirit passed
 Into the skies, while angels led the way,
 And choirs of angels sung their sweetest lay.
 They made her grave within a fairy glen,
 Far from the noise and strife of busy men;
 Tall, waving trees around their shadows fling,
 And in their topmost boughs the free birds sing

Sweet soothing strains, while brightest flowerets bloom
And shed their fragrance o'er her quiet tomb.

And art thou gone, sweet cousin? — can it be
That death has set thy captive spirit free!
Shall I no more clasp thy warm hand in mine,
And print a kiss on that fair cheek of thine?
I *felt* it would be so when last we met,
Though then a child, I *never can* forget
That prophet-voice which whispered in my ear
That we should meet no more together here.
“God’s will be done,” but oh! that we may meet
Once more in gladness round the Saviour’s seat,
Shall be my humble prayer, till death shall come
And free this spirit from its earthly home.

A NIGHT SONG.

NIGHT! ’tis the dead of night!
Mortals are sleeping;
While by the moon’s pale light,
Vigils I’m keeping!

Far in the deep pure sky
Bright stars are glowing,
Mild as an angel’s eye
With tears o’erflowing.

Music is floating round,
And how sweetly clear
Its rich seraphic sound
Greets my ravished ear!

The tall trees are waving
In the moonlight's gleam,
Their green branches laving
In the cool, deep stream.

In whispers soft and low,
The night breeze is heard
Chiming with water's flow
And songs of the bird.

On floweret and grass blade
The dew-drops are seen,
Of the bright things that fade
The fairest I ween.

I'm alone, all alone!
Yet spirits are near,
In the wind's gentle moan
Their voices I hear!

Oh! gladly could I weep,
With heart full of bliss,
But I *cannot, cannot* sleep
On a night like *this*!

Yes, 't is the dead of night !
Mortals are sleeping,
But with spirits of light
Vigils I'm keeping !

FOR AN ALBUM.

WRITE in my Album? — Yes, with willing heart,
Upon this spotless page I'll trace my name,
And ere the spell which binds me now depart,
Will pour sweet incense on that holy flame,
That flame of friendship, whose undying glow
Gild with bright rainbow hues our path below.

Our lives are fleeting, — like the floweret's breath
Which fills the air with sweetness and perfume,
We pass away, soon, soon the hand of death
Will lead us captives to the silent tomb ;
But *while* upon this lovely earth we dwell,
We'll ne'er forget to love each other well !

Yes ! we will love each other, — friends were made
To cheer and bless us o'er life's stormy sea,
And in our hours of sunshine or deep shade,
When joys increase, or happy visions flee,
'T is sweet to feel that there are loved ones near,
To smile with us, — to shed with us a tear.

Though flowerets fade, though lovely things decay,
Though heavy clouds roll darkly through the sky,
There is *one* bloom which never fades away,
 One star of beauty ever greets the eye;
Oh! sweet the tie of Friendship! it was given,
 A blessed foretaste of the joys of heaven!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Go when the morning light
 Breaks in the western sky,
When lingering shades of night
 Before the sunbeams fly;
Bend low thy knee, and let the pure fresh air
Bear on its wings thy humble, heart-felt prayer.

Go at the noon-tide hour,
 When the bright sun is high,
And every tiny flower
 Looks up to greet the sky;
Go seek thy closet at that hour so fair,
Call on thy Father, — He will hear thy prayer.

Go at the bright day's close,
 When evening draws around,
When nature seeks repose,
 And hushed is every sound;

Steal then away, — banish each worldly care,
Pour out thy soul before God's throne in prayer.

And when the midnight shades
Hang darkly o'er the earth,
When solemn thought pervades
Thy soul of priceless worth ;
Think thou of heaven, — of Jesus pleading there
For thy redemption, — breathe thyself a prayer.

Go when thy heart's opprest
With sorrow and with grief,
When sadness haunts thy breast,
If thou dost seek relief,
Go to the Healer, never more despair,
Since thou canst find sweet peace in lowly prayer.

Go when thy heart is light,
When joy lights up thine eye,
And all the world looks bright
Beneath a cloudless sky,
With joyous soul to some lone place repair,
And raise thy happy voice in grateful prayer.

Yes, at the morning hour,
And at the noonday bright,
At folding of the flower,
And at the still midnight,
When thou art happy, or opprest with care,
'Tis always good to bend the knee in prayer.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND PREVIOUS TO HER
MARRIAGE.

DEAR Bell, I wish thee joy, — bright is thine eye,
And fairy visions cluster round thy heart,
For though dark clouds have dimmed thy morning sky,
And thou hast felt the burning tear-drop start;
Above thee now the heavens seem pure and fair,
Thou seest the rainbow brightly painted there.

Thy father went from all his cares to rest,
Sweetly he sleeps beneath the flowering sod,
His hands are folded on his quiet breast,
His spirit's gone to seek its home, — its God;
He loved thee here, and from those realms above
He watches o'er thee with undying love.

Thy sisters, too, — are they not angels now?
Hast thou not seen them in thine own sweet dreams?
Hast thou not gazed upon the pure white brow,
The kindling eye, lighted by heaven's own beams?
And in thy visions of that world so fair,
Has not thy spirit yearned to meet them there?

They have gone home, — thy father, sisters dear,
Strong links are broken in thy household band;
But pause! — a soothing voice will greet thine ear,
Those links of love were severed by God's hand!

But that same hand which broke the chain below,
Will reunite it where no tears shall flow !

But blessings yet remain, — thy mother's eye
Still watches fondly o'er thee, and her voice
Falls on thine ear like music floating by,
Causing thy heart with gladness to rejoice ;
Her smile lights up thy pathway here below,
With hues as lovely as the sunset's glow.

And thy young brother, — he is by thy side,
The friend and playmate of thine early years ;
And whether weal or woe thy heart betide,
In hours of gladness or of gloomy fears,
His love will change not, — he will faithful be
Till death shall come to set thy spirit free.

And there is one dearer to thy young heart
Than all beside, — he won thine early love,
Thy fairy visions, as to life they start,
Are bright and cloudless as the blue above ;
He won thy heart, and he will guard thee well
From life's stern trials while on earth ye dwell.

Thou wilt go forth from thy loved mountain home,
Will leave the scenes where sunny youth was passed,
But wheresoe'er thou mayst be called to roam,
Where'er thy lot in this fair world is cast,
Mayst thou be happy, — visions bright as now
Play round thy heart, and light with joy thy brow.

Mayst thou live happy, — 't is my wish for thee,
Friend of my early youth, — peace, joy be thine,
Light glide thy bark over life's changeful sea,
Above thy head may cloudless skies e'er shine,
And when God calls thee, may thy spirit rise
On angel wings to mansions in the skies.

THE RAINBOW.

THE storm is past, — darkly the clouds roll by,
The glowing sun in beauty rich appears,
A few bright drops are falling from the sky,
While leaves and flowers are drenched with nature's
tears.

The storm is past, — the lightnings gently play
Along the sky, — their fitful blaze is o'er,
Fainter they gleam, until they die away,
Like some loved object fading with the shore.

The thunder's voice falls faintly on the ear,
Like distant moanings of the storm-swept sea,
Just now its awful crash brought gloom and fear
To every heart, and hushed the notes of glee.

The storm is past, — the rainbow's form is there,
Painted upon the bosom of the cloud;

Oh! to what object more divinely fair
Could the poor heathen his blind heart have bowed!

How cheerfully it gleams upon the sight!
How gloriously its varied colors shine!
Could mortal hand have painted aught so bright?
Ah, no! 't was painted by a hand divine!

How rich it is,—² oh! gaze upon it now,
How gracefully it doth the broad heavens span!
No wonder it brings joy to each sad brow,
That bow of promise from our God to man!

WILD WOOD FLOWERS.

I LOVE you, flowers, sweet wild wood flowers,
Companions of my childhood's hours;
Sweetly ye bloom in yonder dell,
I love you, flowerets, passing well!

How often when a laughing child,
So free, so joyous, and so wild,
I rambled through the forests green,
Where flowers of every hue were seen.

And with a heart all light and gay,
I bound them in a fresh boquet,

Then twined them in my flowing hair,
To make the birds and squirrels stare.

A pearly stream my glass would be,
Beneath a tall old maple tree;
How green the earth, how blue the sky!
How lightly would the hours roll by!

Oh! I was happy, happy then,
Amid the flowers of yonder glen,
With the gay robin I would sing,
And make the green old forest ring.

And when I see a floweret now,
It brings the sunshine to my brow,
A glow of pleasure thrills my heart,
And tears of rapture sometimes start.

I love you, flowers, sweet wild wood flowers,
Companions of my childhood's hours,
Ye cause my heart with joy to swell,
I love you, flowerets, passing well!

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

I'm dying, mother, — let me lay
This throbbing head upon your breast,
And ere my spirit soars away,
To those bright mansions of the blest,
Sing me the song I used to love,
Which oft you sung in days of yore,
For ere I seek my home above,
I'd hear those melting strains once more !

I used to sit upon your knee,
And gaze into your loving eye,
While sweetly you would talk to me
Of a bright world beyond the sky ;
You told me Jesus' home was there,
And that he loved your daughter well,
Then you would kneel with me in prayer,
While tear-drops from your eyelids fell.

And when you rose you sung that song
I almost held my breath to hear ;
It bore my raptured soul along,
Up to a brighter, purer sphere.
And then you stooped to kiss my cheek,
My little heart was full of bliss,
So very full I could not speak,
To thank you for your sweet, sweet kiss.

I thank you now, my mother dear,
For all your tender love and care;
The hour of death is drawing near,
And I would once more kneel in prayer.
Sweet mother, thanks that thou didst tell
Thy daughter of a Saviour's love,
For when I bid earth's scenes farewell
I know He'll guide my soul above!

I'm dying, mother, — let me lay
This throbbing head upon your breast,
And ere my spirit soars away
To seek its everlasting rest,
Oh! sing to me that soothing song,
The song I loved in days of yore
For ere I meet that angel throng,
I'd hear those melting strains once more!

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The following touching and beautiful incident is true. It occurred a short time since in the city of Boston.

WITHIN a large and sunny room,
Where summer winds were straying,
And rarest plants did richly bloom,
A sweet young child was playing.

Her golden tresses loosely hung
Around her forehead fair,
Her voice like strains of music rung
Upon the balmy air.

A smile was ever on her lip,
A glad light in her eye,
Her cheek might lure a bee to sip
As he was passing by.

The mother watched with fond delight
Her infant's joyous play,
Could such a being, fair and bright,
Like floweret fade away?

She took the child upon her knee,
And pressed it to her heart;
Why clasp those little hands with glee,
And from her mother start?

She saw a large, bright butterfly,
That hovered gaily round ;
With glowing cheek, with sparkling eye,
And with a quick, light bound,

She sought to catch the fairy thing
With rainbow colors spanned,
She strove to clasp its shining wing
Within her dimpled hand.

The mother gazed a moment too,
Upon that insect fair,

As round on tireless wing it flew,
Nor rested anywhere.

And then she gently rose to free
The creature from the room,
To flutter 'neath some flowering tree,
And breathe its rich perfume.

Her gentle efforts were in vain,
In vain,—it lingered still,
Around the child it flew again,
Its mission to fulfil.

But see! it rests a moment now,
And what a place of rest!
Upon the infant's pure white brow
Its tiny feet are pressed.

What angel smiles lit up her face!
How brightly flashed her eye!
And oh! with what seraphic grace,
She chased the butterfly.

Lightly the insect flew away,
And left the laughing child,
To hover on its wings so gay,
Above the roses wild.

Days passed,—the rose began to fade
On that fair being's cheek;
That brow, once sunny, wore a shade,
There lay the sufferer meek.

That ruby lip was pale and thin,
That bright eye closed in pain,
The joyous thing she once had been,
She ne'er would be again.

The mother watched beside her bed
With dim, yet tearless eye,
Hope from her bosom darkly fled,
As death was drawing nigh.

"'Tis hard to yield thee, cherished one,
'Tis hard to let thee go,
But yet, O God, 'thy will be done!'
Since thou wilt have it so.

Thou art too fair for this sad earth,
Too pure, too good to stay,
And to its bright immortal birth,
Thy spirit hastes away!

Farewell! my heart will lonely be,
For I shall miss my child,
And yet I will not grieve for thee,
My pure,—my undefiled!"

Thus sighed the mourner as she pressed
One fond kiss on its brow,
"I lay thee from my arms to rest
Thou art the Saviour's now!"

She raised her head,—but why that start?
Were shadows flitting by?

What sent the warm blood to her heart?
She saw the butterfly!

It was the same, — the same fair thing
That she had seen before,
It sought the infant, and its wing
Rests on its brow once more.

Just then the spirit lightly fled
On angel wings to heaven;
The mother gazed upon her dead,
What holy ties were riven!

Off flew the insect lightly too,
Its mission sweet was done,
Away, away it proudly flew,
To gambol in the sun.

“And will my floweret bloom above?”
The weeping mother cried;
A low, sweet voice of peace and love,
In soothing tones replied,

Yes, yes, fond mother, — that same God
Who raised that glorious thing
From chrysalis upon the sod,
And gave its rainbow wing,

Will raise thy loved one from the tomb,
He culled thy floweret fair,
In heaven it now doth richly bloom,
’T will bloom forever there!

SABBATH EVENING.

'T is the sweet Sabbath eve, — the dying day
In beauty rich, unrivalled, fades away ;
No darkling cloud sails through the azure sky,
Rich strains of music on the air float by,
Music so soft, enchanting, silvery clear,
It seems an angel's voice chimes on the ear,
Cheering the lonely, soothing each sad heart,
While the warm tear-drops to the eyelids start.
All things are lovely, — yonder mountain side
Which has for ages the rude storm defied,
Seems watching o'er us, while the sun's last glow
Rests on its summit ere it sinks below.
The leaves wave gently to the passing breeze,
Borne rich with flower-scents over deep blue seas ;
The flowers themselves are folded to sweet dreams
On the green hill-sides, or by dancing streams ;
The birds are singing their wild evening lay,
Bidding farewell to the departing day ;
Earth, sea, and sky unite to swell the song,
And by soft echoes bear the strains along.
Oh ! 't is an hour to mortals kindly given,
To hold communion with their Friend in heaven ;
To cast each thought of earthly things away,
And, humbly kneeling, lift the heart and pray.

Father of mercies, I would bend to thee,
From earthly passions set my spirit free,
Cleanse me from sin, and let my soul arise,
On wings of love above these changeful skies.
Let me so live that when my days are o'er,
I go, rejoicing, to that happy shore,
To that fair haven of eternal rest,
To be forever and forever blest!

THE EVENING STAR.

YONDER is the evening star,
Mildly beaming from afar,
Like a genius, good and bright,
Watching o'er me every night.

When the bright sun sinks to rest
'Neath the curtains of the west,
Then I raise my kindling eye
To that lovely star on high.

Yes, I gaze upon it now,
Smiling on fair evening's brow
Like a diamond rich and rare,
Shining o'er this world of care.

All around is calm and still,
Silence reigns o'er dale and hill ;

Sweetly do my thoughts arise ‘
To my home beyond the skies.

When this fitful life is o’er,
When I seek that better shore,
Calmly may my spirit go
From these changeful scenes below.

Jesus, aid me by thy love,
Fit me for thy courts above,
Cleanse my soul from sin’s dark dye,
Pure as yonder evening sky.

Evening star ! I love thee well,
Binding my heart with a spell ;
Fancy pictures angels near,
And their music rich I hear.

Come again to-morrow eve,
And again thy sweet spell weave ;
I will greet thy presence bright,
Evening star ! good night ! good night !

SUMMER WOODS.

How beautiful these dark green trees,
Just slightly waving in the breeze !
How widely do their branches spread,
In rich luxuriance o'er my head.

A thousand birds of plumage bright
Are sailing on their pinions light,
Or resting on the green wood tree,
Filling the air with melody.

A thousand flowers are blooming too,
In every path, of richest hue ;
Sweet odors floating on the air,
Just wafted from those flowerets fair.

Beneath my feet bright waters play
With merry laughter on their way,
Greeting the ear with lulling sound,
As over pebbles smooth they bound.

Oh ! how I love to pass away
A bright, a glorious summer's day
In some green wood, with birds and flowers,
Companions of those joyous hours.

Yes, I shall ever love to rove,
Like a glad child, through wood and grove,
Or rest me on some flowering sod,
Holding sweet commune with my God.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

I STOOD on the banks of a rolling river,
Its bosom reflecting the tinted sky,
Spread out like a sheet of pure, molten silver,
Entrancing the heart, enchaining the eye ;
'T was a lovely sight, before me it lay,
In pride and beauty 't was flowing away.

I turned for a moment, — a cloud passed by,
Darkly it spread through the summer air,
Those pure waters mirrored the threatening sky,
Oh ! sad was the change that was passing there ;
And I felt the warm tear-drop unbidden start,
As I turned away with a saddened heart. .

I gazed on yon mountain one summer's day,
Those steep rocks glittered like gems of the cave,
Around its bold summit the winds did play,
With graceful motions the green trees did wave ;
And a thousand streams with their silvery eyes,
Looked smilingly up to the azure skies.

One brief moment more and there came a change ;
Dark shadows were flitting like spirits there,
The winds were moaning in tones wild and strange,
Those rocks gleamed no longer like diamonds fair ;
But darkness and gloom o'er that mountain spread,
Its beauty vanished, for sunshine had fled.

And I stood one day with the blue above,
Beneath my feet was the earth's richest green,
My heart o'erflowing with pleasure and love,
I culled the flowerets which round me were seen ;
And the sun looked down from its own bright home,
Lovely were all things beneath that pure dome.

But soon, far too soon, did that bright scene fade ;
Storm-clouds were gathering, and as they drew near,
That beautiful spot whereon I had played
Grew dark, and those sweet flowers drooped as with
fear :

I turned, — the thunder rolled heavy and loud,
Fitful the lightning which gleamed from the cloud !

It is even thus with the human heart,
One moment the sunshine is gleaming there,
And our fairy dreams as to life they start,
Are bright as rainbows suspended in air ;
Flowers bloom in our pathway, — they greet the eye
Like things all too lovely to droop and die.

But there comes a change, — the strong heart doth fail,
And our fairest visions all fade away,

The cheek, once so blooming, grows wan and pale,
For we find our idols but dust and clay ;
And the lip doth quiver, the tear-drops start,
Oh ! 't is ever thus with the human heart !

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

'T is a lovely spot, that infant's grave,
High, high above it the yew trees wave,
Widely around it its branches spread,
As if to protect the slumbering dead.

There the free birds sing, at close of day
A wildly sad, yet a soothing lay,
A requiem sweet for the pure, the fair,
The lovely sleeper that's resting there.

Gently around it the breezes blow,
Whispering in tones that are mild and low,
With lulling sound they fall on the ear,
And kiss from the cheek the mourner's tear.

The green grass waves to the light wind's sigh,
Scattering the dew-drops which on it lie,
Emblems of her whose pure life is o'er,
Who passed from earth to that better shore.

There, too, the fairest of flowerets bloom,
As if to banish each thought of gloom,
Sweetly they breathe over that green mound,
Rich are the odors floating around.

The sun looks down from his home above,
Guarding it well with an eye of love ;
There his first rays smile at morning bright,
And there they linger till dewy night.

Then angels come at the twilight hour,
When closes the eye of each fair flower,
Nightly they watch with the stars on high,
Over that spot 'neath the moonlit sky.

A lovely spot is that infant's grave,
For there fresh flowerets and green grass wave ;
A lovely spot, and that young child's rest
Is sweet indeed on the green earth's breast !

SUMMER IS GONE. •

FARE thee well, bright summer, farewell to thee,
A joyous season thou hast been to me ;
With tearful eye, yet with a trustful heart,
I see thy glories solemnly depart !

With dirge-like notes the wandering breezes play,
Bright birds are soaring through the skies away,
Far o'er the blue, the bounding waters foam,
They seek a fairer sky, a brighter home ;
Sadly I watch them on their airy flight,
Fading, still fading, from my eager sight :
O sweet toned beings ! I have loved you well,
Ye leave me now in other lands to dwell !
Bright flowers are dying, and their fleeting breath
Floats on the air, sweet, even sweet in death :
I can but weep to think that they must fade,
On every hill, in every woody glade ;
They've been my friends through the gay summer
hours,

And I shall miss them sadly, my loved flowers !
But I must yield them, lovely though they be,
And bid, sweet flowerets, a farewell to thee.
The grass is fading, — that rich, velvet green,
Which through the summer everywhere was seen
Spread, like a carpet, over hill and dell,
Where merry children loved to play so well,
Has lost its freshness, withering there it lies,
Smiling no more 'neath clear and cloudless skies.
The leaves are falling slowly to the ground,
With a low rustling, — with a mournful sound,
While those majestic, rich, old forest trees,
No more wave proudly in the passing breeze ;
A shade of sadness is o'er all things thrown
For all that's lovely, silently hath flown ;
The grass, the leaves, the birds, and flowerets fair ;
While darkening clouds are sailing through the air.

Summer, bright summer ! thou hast passed away !
With dirge-like notes the wandering breezes play ;
With tearful eye, yet with a trustful heart,
I watch thy glories solemnly depart !

FOR THE JAFFREY TIMES. AT THE OPENING OF
THE LYCEUM IN THE FALL OF 1842.

KIND friends and neighbors, here we meet once more,
On this loved spot, where oft we've met before ;
And, as your cheerful faces greet our sight,
We bid you welcome to this hall to night ;
We bid *all* welcome, — to the hoary head,
Upon whose path life's fading leaves are shed,
Upon whose brow is traced full many a line,
Telling that griefs and sorrows have been thine,
Whose feet are hasting to that better shore,
Where life's stern trials shall be known no more, —
To those in manhood's prime, whose hearts are strong,
To brave earth's trials, and to suffer long ;
Whose spirits quail not e'en when storms arise,
And darkening clouds o'ershade the summer skies,
Who tread life's path, and with a steadfast eye
Gaze on the sunshine, or the shade pass by, —
To those in youth, whose cheeks so brightly glow,
Within whose veins the bounding blood doth flow,

With eye undimmed, with heart untouched by care,
As free in spirit as the morning air,
Deep in whose breasts bright visions have a home,
And cluster there, nor dream of change to come, —
Yes, we greet *all*, and may the smiles of heaven
Descend and rest upon this place this even.

We meet again, — but lo! a change has passed,
A change o'er all things since we met here last;
Some whom we loved in yonder churchyard lie,
While o'er their lowly graves the winds sweep by.
One short year since, — where were they? with us
here!

Where are they now? — alas! we only hear
The echo of our voices where they trod,
For their freed spirits have gone home to God.
And there was one whom we remember well,
How prized by all we may not, *cannot tell*;
We miss him here, our heavy loss deplore,
His kindly voice will greet our ears no more;
We feel a friend has gone, — well may we weep,
Our tears cannot disturb his quiet sleep,
For the cold grave has won him, — he will rest
Calmly and sweetly on earth's peaceful breast;
And while, perchance, his spirit hovers near,
Watching o'er those whom his warm heart held dear,
We will not murmur, but will humbly pray,
When our freed spirits, too, shall pass away,
That we may meet him in that home above,
And join the chorus of redeeming love.

But we are spared, and may we wiser grow,
Wiser, though sadder, as our friends must go ;
And while the leaves fall rustling to the ground,
While flowers lie fading on the hills around,
May we take warning, for as flowers decay,
As falls the leaf, *we too* must fade away ;
May we so live that when our days are o'er,
We meet in fairer worlds to part no more.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

OH ! it is good to steal away,
At peaceful hour of twilight gray,
And bidding earthly care depart,
Hold close communion with the heart.

'Tis then we think that we must die,
And in the damp, dark tomb must lie ;
That we must soon bid earth farewell,
In yonder spirit-land to dwell.

Then comes the thought of sin's dark stain,
It brings the heart deep grief and pain,
And mournful feelings fill the breast,
Which will not let the sinner rest.

The still small voice with awful power,
Falls on the ear at that sweet hour ;

Calmly we listen, for we know
'T is God's own voice which thrills us so.

'T is then we think of Jesus' love,
And of that brighter world above ;
The spirit's eye can see Him there,
In heavenly robes divinely fair.

There by His Father's throne He stands,
Waiting for us with outstretched hands ;
Oh ! cold indeed must that heart be,
Dear Saviour, that could turn from thee.

Yes, at the quiet hour of even,
Home to our hearts come thoughts of heaven,
While wonderingly we lift our eyes
To yonder pure, bright, starry skies.

Then, casting earthly cares away,
For heavenly blessings humbly pray,
And God will hear, — His love He'll give,
Bidding the humblest creature live.

THOUGHTS UPON SEEING A FLOCK OF BIRDS ON
THEIR SOUTHERN JOURNEY.

FARE ye well, bright birds, I have loved you well,
For through the long, glad hours of summer's day,
Such strains of music on the air would swell,
As bore my listening, raptured soul away;
Gushes of bird song, — oh! how sweet, how free!
Charming all hearts with its wild melody!

My heart is sad, — I cannot see thee go,
Who have been so like loving friends to me,
Without one bitter tear, although I know
That to a fairer, brighter land ye flee,
Where flowers bloom ever, where the deep green trees
Are ever waving in a summer's breeze.

I know full well that winter's breath is near,
That mid its storms ye may not, cannot stay,
Your last gay notes have sounded on my ear,
On light, free wings ye soar away, away!
Had I, *too*, *wings how gladly* would I fly
With thee, sweet birds, through yonder azure sky!

How I shall miss thee at the morning bright,
And at the noonday when the sun is high,
And when the sable curtains of the night
Are hung around to darken earth and sky;

Yes, I shall listen for thy songs in vain,
Perchance they ne'er may greet my ears again.

It may be ere another spring comes round,
This prisoned spirit will have loosed its chain,
A brighter home, perchance, may then be found,
Where never comes one thought of woe or pain,
Where joys are endless, — where friends never part,
To wring with anguish deep the trusting heart.

Should it be so, should I ere then be free,
Come, then, ye birds, come sing around my tomb
Your sweetest songs upon some waving tree,
While o'er my head the summer flowerets bloom;
Sail on, sail on, I've loved you long and well,
With a sad heart I bid you all farewell!

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

HARK! hark! that rustling, mournful sound
Murmuring upon the ear,
Those sere leaves falling to the ground,
Tell us that winter's near.

Sad is the thought, — it fills the heart
With gloom, the eye with tears;

We watch earth's lovely things depart,
Till naught that's bright appears.

The birds are gone, the flowers are dead,
Music and beauty o'er ;
All silently from earth they fled,
They cheer our hearts no more.

No longer the soft breezes blow,
But chilling winds are loud ;
No more we see the sky's rich glow,
'T is overspread with cloud.

But should we murmur? — no ! full well
We know that birds and flowers
Will come with us once more to dwell,
With spring's warm, melting showers.

So when loved friends sink to the tomb,
Hope sweetly says, " we meet
Once more where joys forever bloom,
Around our Saviour's seat ! "

THE SLAVE.

Poor slave! a weary lot is thine,
Toiling beneath a southern sun;
Well may thy aching heart repine,
And sadly wish thy race were run.

Sweet hope hath darkly left thy soul,
Yes, hope went out in sighs and tears;
Weeks, months, aye, long, long years may roll,
Ere liberty's bright star appears!

Yes, ere that blessed star shall glow,
High in the heavens with holy light,
Full many hearts shall break with woe,
Full many hopes shall end in night.

But it *will* rise! — true as the sky
Was rolled above by God's own hand,
That star *will* take its place on high,
And shine o'er all our lovely land.

Then cheer thee, cheer thy heart, poor slave!
While soul-felt prayers for thee ascend
To God, whose arm is strong to save,
Who is, who e'er will be thy Friend.

Would that my own weak hand could raise
Thy galling yoke, and break thy chain,

Soon should one long, glad shout of praise,
Reëcho over land and main !

Soon from thy southern home should peal
A loud, soul-stirring freedom's song ;
And hearts that were not made of steel,
Should bear the gladdening notes along.

The north should catch the thrilling sound,
Its own glad voice the song should swell,
Till like one mighty wave 't would bound,
To the remotest western dell !

But though this hand's too feeble far,
To break thy bands and set thee free,
Gladly I'll hail thy freedom's star,
That star which brings thee liberty.

Then hasten on, thou blessed day,
Bring gladness to the captive's heart,
Wipe every burning tear away,
And joy to drooping souls impart !

VOICE OF THE STORM.

I sit alone, — yes, I am all alone,
And as I listen to the raging blast,
Methinks I hear a low, sad, wailing tone,
As the storm-spirit madly rushes past ;
So wildly sad it falls upon my ear,
I almost tremble as I pause to hear.

Hark ! hark ! what fearful tidings doth it bear,
Of the poor sailor on the storm-swept sea,
Who gazes round him with a mute despair,
As hope and courage from his bosom flee ;
Oh ! 't is a tale *so deeply* fraught with woe,
Well may the red cheek pale, the warm tear flow.

Mad waves are dashing o'er that gallant bark,
But late so proudly sailing o'er the main,
Dark fate broods o'er her, oh ! how deeply dark,
Ne'er will she sail those treacherous seas again :
The sails are broken, mast and pennon flown,
While through her rigging wild winds loudly moan.

On glides the vessel, onward through the storm,
Now mounted high, now sinking deep once more,
Soon 'neath the waves will sink her shattered form,
A fearful wreck far from Old England's shore ;

While eyes shall watch, and hearts shall fondly yearn,
But *all in vain* for that proud bark's return.

Yet pause! there is a *far more fearful* cry,
A *sadder* moan than that of wind or wave,
That's heard beneath that gloomy midnight sky,
It is the wild shrieks of the strong and brave;
Yes, hearts which never knew one thought of fear,
Now shrink and tremble as dark death draws near!

There manhood's form is seen bowed low in prayer,
With quivering lip, and cheek all ghastly pale,
And woman's eye upraised in mute despair,
As the high courage of strong hearts doth fail;
While youth and beauty gaze upon the deep,
Whose rolling waves shall lull them to death's sleep.

Oh, it is fearful! fearful is their doom!
Above them hangs a dark and threatening sky,
No cheering star shines through the awful gloom,
To light with hope the sad and tearful eye;
Alas! alas! no earthly hand can save
That vessel's crew from their deep ocean grave!

A moment more, — the billows open wide,
One long, loud shriek upon the air was flung;
Down, down beneath the foaming waves they glide,
While winds and waves their knell of death have
rung;
With hopeful hearts they left their native shore,
But hope is dead, — they will return no more!

I sit alone, — yes, I am all alone,
And as such fearful tales come to my ear,
Borne onward by the wind's low, fitful moan,
I cannot check the sigh, the flowing tear;
But grateful thoughts within my heart arise,
To that great God whose home is in the skies.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LITTLE CHARLEY ASLEEP
IN HIS CRADLE.

SWEET child, I gaze upon thee now,
Upon thy little happy face,
To see if on thy infant brow,
Thy destiny I there can trace.

Closed is thy blue and laughing eye,
Within thy cradle thou dost sleep,
Angels, perchance, are hovering by,
And fondly round thee vigils keep.

Bright smiles are playing o'er thy cheek,
Thy little heart from care is free,
Would that thy tiny lips could speak,
To tell what thy sweet dreams may be.

Thou art in some fair spirit-land,
Rich music floating on thine ear,

Music of some pure seraph band,
Methinks their chantings I, too, hear.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou lovely child,
Spirits are with thee good and bright,
Angels around thy bed have smiled,
And fanned thy cheek with pinions light.

But thou wilt waken soon, fair boy,
Wilt ope thine eyes on this sad earth,
Where grief must mingle with each joy,
And sorrows darkly have their birth.

Oh! happy one! — would I could tell
What fate on earth is to be thine, —
The wish is vain, — I know full well,
It is beyond the power of mine.

It may be that thy days are few,
That like the rainbow thou art given,
Or like some pearly drop of dew,
Ere long to be exhaled to heaven.

It may be that thy mother dear,
Must yield thee to the green earth's breast,
That she must shed the bitter tear,
Over thine early place of rest.

Or it may be that years will roll,
Years fraught with sorrow and with pain,

Ere broken is life's golden bowl,
Ere severed is life's silver chain.

Perchance thine eye will dim with tears,
Perchance thy cheek grow wan and pale,
And bowed beneath the weight of years,
The courage of thy heart will fail.

Oh! 't is a sad, — a weary life,
Dear child, which thou hast just begun,
May be that thou must meet its strife,
Before thine earthly race is run.

Away, dark thoughts, — full well I know
That there is One who rules above,
That whether thine be weal or woe,
Thy fate is with a God of love.

If thou art spared, — a mother's care
Will shield thy infant years from harm,
For thee be breathed a mother's prayer,
Be cradled on a mother's arm.

Or if thou soon art called away
To dwell in yonder happy land,
Though we should weep, — we would not stay
An angel from its kindred band.

Yes, thou art in the hands of One
Who once did little children bless,

And with this prayer, "Thy will be done,"
I leave thee to His tenderness.

Sleep, baby, then, — thy blue eyes close,
For loving friends watch o'er thee keep,
On thy soft cradle-bed repose,
Sleep, baby, — gently, — sweetly sleep.

FOR AN ALBUM.

"WRITE in my album?" — dost thou ask of me?
No lofty gift, — no thrilling power is mine,
Yet will I wake my humble lyre for thee,
And trace my name within this book of thine;
A friendly wish is glowing in my breast,
And on this spotless page it now may rest.

What is that wish? — Is it that thy young heart
May never thrill but at the touch of joy,
That from thy eye no bitter tear may start,
But happiness be thine without alloy?
Were that my wish, it would be all in vain,
Pleasure on earth is ever mixed with pain.

What is that wish? — That wealth, at thy command,
May pour its golden streams for thee, — that gems
And rarest pearls may gleam on brow and hand,
As rich as those on princes' diadems;

That heartless throngs may worship at thy shrine?
I *cannot* ask that *such* a lot were *thine*.

What is that wish? — Is it that early fame
 May weave the laurel wreath thy brow to crown,
That thousand hearts may thrill at thy proud name,
 And at thy feet fling their fresh garlands down?
A *lofty* one, indeed, *that lot would be*,
But not the wish that's in my heart for thee.

This is my wish, — that in thy heart enshrined,
 May dwell each virtue, — while with watchful care
Thy thoughts are guarded, and thy soul refined
 From all which stains and leaves its impress there ;
Thy deathless soul is of a priceless worth,
And its bright home beyond these scenes of earth.

And may kind friends be ever near to bless,
 To cheer thy heart over life's changeful sea ;
May smiles of love, and words of tenderness,
 In thy sad hours, bid every dark thought flee,
Till like the rainbow glowing in the sky,
Thine eye shall watch the storm-clouds rolling by.

But more than all, — may pure religion glow,
 Like some bright star, *ever* within thy breast,
For it will light thy pathway here below,
 And give thy spirit joy, and peace, and rest ;
Yes, it will shine with brighter, purer ray,
When earthly things fade from thy sight away.

And when the silver cord is loosed on earth,
And thy freed spirit lightly soars above,
Rejoicing in its bright, immortal birth,
Thrilling with higher and with holier love ;
When these strong ties which bind thee here are riven,
Oh ! mayst thou meet thy loved ones there in heaven.

A POETICAL LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR Jane, the spell 's on my spirit to-night,
In soft, winning accents 't is whispering, "write,"
With a joyous heart its call I'll obey,
Ere in some wild freak it passes away.
Here am I, in my snug little corner, '
As happy, I ween, as young Jack Horner ;
Of course you know him, — a genius of old,
Who was very *small*, though *clever*, I'm told.
But let him take comfort eating his pie,
While *we* to some *other* subject will fly ;
If you, too, were here, I would like it well,
How much I would quiz, how much would I tell,
Of this thing and that, which struck me as queer,
If wishing would bring you, you'd soon be here.
As that can't be, I cannot do better
Than just sit down and write you a letter.
So if you are reading, throw by your book,
And fancy yourself in my own snug nook ;

I will trim the lamp, replenish the fire,
To make the blaze glow brighter and higher;
And there you shall sit in my own arm-chair,
I am sure you will look quite comely there.
My head is so full, my heart is so light,
I almost fear I will act like a fright;
Perhaps I'll scare you, — pray, do n't be alarmed,
I promise you this, — you shall not be harmed;
For though I may be a *little bit wild*,
I'll *try* to be sober, and good, and mild;
Will not laugh too much, but smooth down my face,
And try to talk with a very good grace.

King Winter has come, — have you heard his tone
In the sighing storm, — the wild wind's moan?
Have you felt his breath on your own warm cheek,
As he glided past you in some mad freak?
How do you like the old gentleman's sway?
Are you loyal, Miss? — Do tell me, I pray;
Or are thoughts of treason within your heart?
Oh! turn not traitor, but bid them depart!
I like him right well, though I miss the flowers,
Which I loved so well in the summer hours;
And the green leaves lie, all withered and dead,
On the snowy ground, with their beauty fled;
The birds have all gone to their southern home,
They are singing there 'neath a sunny dome;
I miss their sweet voices at morn, at night,
For their wild songs thrilled my heart with delight;
But though the birds, the leaves, and flowers are gone,
Will they not return with the spring's first dawn?

I know they will, and I'll love them the more
When snows are melted, — when winter is o'er.

What are you doing these little short days,
These evenings so long by the fire's bright blaze?
What are you reading? if anything new,
I would like well to get hold of it too;
It's so delightful to get a new book,
And hie me away to some little nook,
With no dishes to wash, — no beds to make,
No carpets to sweep, and no mats to shake.
I like to work when I've nothing to read,
With books at hand, 't is dull music indeed.

What is going on in your famous town?
Not much I fear, since the Whigs are down;
Since the temperance cause has begun its sway,
These hard-cider meetings are done away.
I don't like the whigs, and I'll tell you why,
My father's a Loco, and so am I.
What do you think of governor Hubbard?
Don't you wish he was shut in a cupboard
For so putting off our Thanksgiving day,
Or don't you care, let it come when it may?
Do you go to school? — I want much to know,
If you venture out through these drifts of snow;
I'd like to see you these mornings so cool,
With rubbers and hood, on your way to school.
A school girl! oh! who so happy can be!
So free from trouble, — from hypo so free!

By the way, do those little imps of blue,
With visages grim, ever trouble you?
They are naughty things, — do n't mind them, *I* say,
They will soon get tired and go on their way.

But how I've run on, you are tired I fear,
And so to please you I'll stop right here.
Just give my best love to your own dear Sis,
Tell her a letter will not come amiss;
A bushel also to cousin Abby,
Dear Jane, write soon to your true friend Ada.

MOUNT AUBURN.

MOUNT Auburn, — city of the dead, — I've stood be-
neath thy shades,
With noiseless footsteps wandered through the green,
romantic glades,
When summer's latest flowerets bloomed on every
grassy mound,
And autumn's sere and faded leaves were floating to
the ground.

And as those leaves, so sere and dead, came rustling
on the air,
Methought that they were emblems meet of those who
slumbered there;

And as those pure, sweet blossoms looked into my
tearful eye,
I knew that like frail human flowers they blossomed
but to die.

There are the aged, gathered home, — those weary ones
to rest,
To sleep the dreamless sleep of death on Auburn's
peaceful breast ;
Long years they journeyed here on earth, and braved
its cares and strife,
Then laid their heavy armor down, and closed the
march of life.

There, too, the young, the early lost, have found a sweet
repose,
Upon whose brows the lily bloomed, — upon whose
cheeks the rose ;
Gone in the summer time of life, each bounding pulse
so still,
Their graves are in each quiet vale, and on each breezy
hill.

And there the little children sleep, the beautiful, the
fair,
Cut down like early flowers in spring, by an ungenial
air ;
Not fairer are those sweet-breathed flowers which o'er
those infants bloom,
Than they, ere the destroyer came and culled them for
the tomb.

Mount Auburn ! ne'er shall I forget the day when first
I stood
Amid thy hallowed graves, where sleep the great, the
wise, the good ;
The sweet, sad lessons thou didst teach this wayward
heart of mine,
Have left a changeless impress there, all holy and
divine !

I almost fancied I should meet with angels watching
round,
And listened with a throbbing heart to every gentle
sound ;
And when a bird's rich, melting strains broke on my
raptured ear,
It seemed so like an angel's voice, I held my breath to
hear !

If in that sweet, romantic spot, my lifeless form might
lie,
Methinks it were no bitter thing to lay me down and
die ;
The flowers would bloom so freshly there, the birds so
sweetly sing,
And round my grave the willow boughs their cool, soft
shadows fling.

Mount Auburn ! — city of the dead, — a few short hours
I strayed
Among thy cool, sequestered haunts, beneath thy sacred
shade ;

And the rich scene which met my eyes, — engraven on
my heart
Will linger in my memory still, — and never more
depart!

A LETTER TO SISTER SARAH.

SARAH, my dear, — at home once more, I'll tune my
unstrung lyre,
Will pour my full, o'erflowing heart, over each trem-
bling wire.
Long weeks have passed since I have breathed my
burning thoughts in song,
But the full tide must now have way, wild, passionate,
and strong.
The spell is on me, — I must yield to that sweet magic
spell,
And wake the lute which I have loved so long, and
loved so well.
The summer hours have all gone by, — how have they
passed with me?
Thou askest, — lend a patient ear, and I will answer
thee.
In dreams, in wild and wayward dreams, that would
not let me rest,
For thoughts of my sweet mountain home, were ever
in my breast.

With light and joyous heart I left this happy mountain
home,
And trusted loving friends to find wherever I might
roam.
Five long and weary months I passed in distant stran-
gers' land,
While day and night my spirit yearned for our own
household band ;
I will not tell how wretchedly some of those hours were
spent,
But happy thoughts within my heart are strangely,
wildly blent
With sad and mournful memories, which haunt me
even now,
Bringing the tear-drops to my eye, a shadow o'er my
brow.
At first the time passed pleasantly, and with a joyous
heart
I welcomed each returning day, and saw each day
depart ;
With light and bounding step I went unto the dark old
wood,
And golden moments there I spent in thought and
solitude.
Not half so lonely did I feel in the green, shady glen,
Among the birds and sweet wild flowers, as in the
haunts of men.
Oh, bright plumed songsters ! ye have been companions
unto me,
And cheered me in my lonely hours with your sweet
minstrelsy.

Ye, too, have been like loving friends, ye wild and
bright-eyed flowers,
And wooed me oft from lonely thoughts, through the
past summer hours.

But soon the hand of sickness came, and laid this
body low,
Gone ^{as} was the lustre from my eye, and from my cheek
the glow ;
There in the strangers' land I lay, upon my couch of pain,
While wild and feverish fantasies were in my burning
brain,
To me with slow and heavy step the lingering days
went by,
Oh ! how I longed for free birds' wing, that homeward
I might fly ;
In dreams my mother's voice was heard, — my own
sweet sister came,
And pressed her lips upon my cheek, and fondly
breathed my name ;
Then laid her soft and cooling hand upon my fevered
brow,
Oh ! how that touch thrilled my sad heart, methinks I
feel it now.
What blessed visions came to me in balmy hours of
sleep,
They were *but dreams*, and soon, too soon I oped my
eyes to weep.
And yet kind friends were by my side, soft voices in
my ear,
Which sought to soothe the stranger's heart with kind-
ly words of cheer.

Those friendly words, those soothing smiles, those
gentle deeds of love,
Are deeply graven on my heart, and registered above,
And ever till the hand of death shall set my spirit free,
I'll ask Heaven's richest gifts for those who were so
kind to me.

Gone are all wayward fancies, — all troubled dreams
are o'er,
And yearnings for my own sweet home disturb my
soul no more.
I chat and laugh, and laugh and chat, throughout the
livelong day,
Not half so happy is the bird singing on yonder spray.
When the wind's right, I do believe that on these
mornings clear,
If *little tot* would stop her noise, my ringing laugh
you'd hear.
Ermina calls me crazy, and mother thinks me wild,
And that of all her curious *bairns*, I am the queerest child.
Poor Julius can have no peace whenever he is round,
I love to breathe Miss Esther's name, a most delightful
sound;
His hardhack form is out of trim, and sadly needs his
care,
And I am urging him to wed his ladylove so fair.
I ever was a Hector wild, and I must be one still,
It is my mission, I expect, and that I must fulfil.
Whene'er the blues are coming on, your spirits getting
low,
Just send for me, and though you are in depths of
indigo,

I rather guess I soon would make the little blue imps
scatter

Pellmell, and drive them to their den with a most
woful clatter.

My mother says some awful thing will happen soon
to me,

To bring my tameless spirits down just where they
ought to be.

It *may be so*, but I should laugh, even although I knew
That I should shed a peck of tears before the day is
through.

How is the baby? does she grow fat as a little pig?
To see my darling chubby niece I'd give — at least
a fig!

I hardly can persuade myself, that I an aunt can be,
And you a mother, bless my heart! that's stranger still
to me.

The doctor, — what is he about, give my best love to
him,

Tell him that I am getting old, my eyes are growing
dim,

That very soon my bright red hair will turn to mourn-
ful gray,

A *better color*, I suppose the wicked man would say.

Do draw that simple, scribbling rhyme, to an immedi-
ate close

Ermina says, and write a word or two of honest prose;
Her gentle hint, on second thought, I guess I will obey,
And sign my name, your loving friend, and wild Sis
A. D. A.

THE GIFT OF POESY.

O FOR the gift of poesy, — of spirit-stirring song,
To warble forth in wild sweet strains my soul has
 panted long ;
Vague yearnings for that magic power, strange feelings
 deep and wild,
Have haunted night and day this heart since I was but
 a child.

I've sat and listened to the bird singing on yonder
 spray,
His little heart all gushing forth in an enchanting lay ;
As those sweet notes fell on my ear, so touching, so
 divine,
How I have wished, but vainly wished, that bird's rich
 voice were mine.

It seemed if *I* could only sing as sung that *little bird*,
The hearts of those I loved so well would melt at every
 word ;
I thought that they would love me more, that I should
 happier be,
Could I such melting music make as came from yonder
 tree.

Full well I love the bird song now, — will ever love it
 well,
But childlike wishes for its voice, long since I bade
 farewell ;
While wilder, deeper longings far, are now within my
 breast,
Strange yearnings for a higher boon, which will not let
 me rest.

O for the poet's thrilling gift, that I might sweep the
 lyre,
And 'neath my touch æolian strains, swell from each
 quivering wire ;
Then from my heart I'd sit and pour my burning
 thoughts in song,
Then the full tide would have its way, deep, passionate,
 and strong !

Yes, I would pour my inmost soul in wildest, sweetest
 strains,
While floods of melody would gush o'er all my native
 plains,
Would warble on from day to day until all hearts were
 stirred,
And melted by *my* lays, as mine was melted by the
 bird.

It is not honor that I crave, I do not thirst for fame,
It would not yield me happiness to leave on earth a
 name ;

I do not ask for laurel-wreaths to crown my youthful
brow,
Ambition never swayed my heart, it doth not sway it
now.

But oh! the gift of poesy, — that gift almost divine,
To breathe in tuneful numbers forth, would that the gift
were mine;
Vague yearnings for that magic power, strange feelings
deep and wild,
Have haunted night and day this heart since I was but
a child.

LINES UPON HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR A
LITTLE CHILD.

SAD sounds are on the air, — hark! yonder bell
Proclaims a spirit from this sad earth fled;
Solemn its tones, although it doth not tell
Of age or manhood, — but a child is dead.

A lovely child, — a gentle-hearted boy,
Over whose brow nine summers shed their bloom;
A father's blessing, a fond mother's joy,
Is called to slumber in the silent tomb.

And will ye fear to lay him there to rest,
Your loved, your beautiful, though soulless clay,

Pillow his young head on the earth's cold breast,
And bear your sorrowing, stricken hearts away ?

His voice is silent, — never, never more
Will his glad tones like music greet your ear ;
The heart's pulsations now, alas ! are o'er,
Those soft blue eyes may never open here.

He has gone from you, — ye will fondly listen
To hear his bounding step, but list in vain ;
Your eyes full oft with bitter tears will glisten,
Your hearts will yearn to meet the lost again.

Like a sweet spring-flower he has passed away,
Too frail to blossom, but in blooming, dies ;
Too bright, too fair in this cold world to stay,
That human floweret blooms in yonder skies.

Like a young weary bird that seeks its home,
Far, far away over the waters blue,
To sing its songs beneath a summer dome
He plumed his wings, and with the angels flew.

Quickly he faded, — like heaven's beauteous bow,
Painted with matchless colors in the sky,
Brightly he gleamed upon our path below,
Brief, beautiful, then passed from mortal eye.

“ The good die first,” — and oh ! is it not well,
That God should call his own from this dark earth,
To that bright world where purer spirits dwell,
Where sin and sorrow never have their birth ?

“The good die first,”—O let that thought, sad
mother,

Cheer up thy heart in this thine hour of woe,
And yield thy child all calmly to another,
And gladly bid thy little angel go.

He was thy first,—how deeply, dearly cherished,
But bow, O parents! to the chastening rod,
'Tis well thy flower in early spring-time perished,
Then bow submissive to the will of God.

He has gone home,—home to the spirit-land,
Gaze not in anguish on that pure young brow,
One more was wanted in yon seraph band,
Thy little Sydney is an angel now.

He has gone home, and would ye now recall him,
In wish or word from his high home of rest,
Recall him from yon happy cherubim,
From his repose upon the Saviour's breast?

O, mourn ye not over the fair departed,
But as ye gaze upon the soulless clay,
Rather rejoice that he, the fair, pure hearted,
Was early called from this sad world away.

TO AN ALBUM.

Go, little book, — gladly I bid thee go,
Among the friends whom my young heart holds
dear,
And while their hearts with friendly feelings glow,
Ask them to trace their names and wishes here ;
That on thy spotless pages I may find,
The sincere wishes of the good and kind.

Go ask the young, upon whose brows no trace
Of care or sorrow yet hath found a home,
Within whose bosoms grief has had no place,
Whose hearts are pure as yon blue, cloudless dome,
Go, — ask some tribute, sweet indeed 't will be,
Their well-known names among thy leaves to see.

And pass not by kind friends of riper years,
From whom the hopes and dreams of youth are fled,
To whose tried hearts this fleeting life appears,
A journey to the City of the Dead ;
Go, — ask of them some lesson to be given,
To wean from earth, — to purify for heaven.

Go, — crave a boon from those I love so well,
Say that I'll cherish it with love and care ;

Say, that in after years my heart will swell,
To read their names upon these leaves so fair ;
Go, little book, — go win from each a gem
To glitter here in Friendship's diadem.

THE PAST, — THE PRESENT, — THE FUTURE.

THE past, the past, how dream-like it appears,
As back we glance upon our childhood's years,
When with pure hearts and spirits light as air,
We thought this bright world good as it was fair ;
What fairy visions floated through the brain,
Dreams which may never visit us again ;
Oh ! happy were we in those sweet young days,
Ere we had learned the world's cold, selfish ways,
Ere we had dreamed that guilt and grief might come,
To mar the beauty of our earthly home.

The present, — youth is passed, yet still we dream,
With hopeful hearts we sail down life's dark stream,
'T is true, at times a threatening cloud appears,
'T is true, at times the eye is dim with tears,
But when the cloud rolls with its gloom away,
When o'er the cheek the tear-drops cease to stray,
How light the heart, how brightly beams the eye,
As up it turns to the blue smiling sky ;

We will not murmur, bright hopes still are ours,
Though we have learned that thorns grow mid the
flowers.

The future, — it is sealed, — not ours to know
Whether its years will bring us weal or woe ;
We would not lift the curtain, for a wise,
A Holy Being hid it from our eyes ;
Long, weary years may pass ere life will close,
Short it may be ere we in death repose ;
But while our fragile barks glide o'er the wave,
We'll trust in Him whose arm alone can save,
Whose hand can guide us to a home of rest,
And moor us safe mid islands of the blest.

FOR MY COUSIN'S ALBUM.

DEAR cousin, 'neath this sweet moss rose,
With willing hand I'll tune my lyre,
The song with which my heart o'erflows
Shall thrill and tremble on each wire.
Yes, on this page, so purely white,
I'll trill a simple, heartfelt lay,
With other friends my name I'll write,
And bind in Friendship's sweet boquet.

Friendship! — there's music in that word,
Which plays and lingers round the heart,
And when its melting tones are heard,
What joy, what transport they impart.

Oh! sad indeed would this world be
Were there no kind, no loved ones near,
The captive soul would fain be free,
To seek a more congenial sphere ;
But God to us has kindly given
Dear friends to cheer us with their love,
And when those links of love are broken
They'll reunite in worlds above.

A LETTER TO SISTER SARAH.

SARAH, my dear, with heart brimful of glee,
I sit me down this night to write to thee ;
Could you but see the smiles upon my brow,
You would not surely call me homesick *now*,
Or could you hear my uncurbed laughter wild,
I fear you'd think me a strange, fitful child ;
The tears upon my cheeks are scarcely dry,
Yet joy and mirth are sparkling in my eye ;
My heart is bounding like a young bird's wing,
O, could I soar, with him I'd soar and sing,

I'd charm some heart with a wild, warbling lay,
Whose would it be, can you, Miss Sarah, say?
I do not know myself, so do not smile,
And look so wise, so very wise the while.
I'm just from school, my daily task is done,
Here I sit watching the descending sun;
Fancy is busy, and I seem to see
Faces of friends, so very dear to me;
Familiar voices, too, are in my ear,
Like strains of music are the tones I hear;
There sits dear mother, with her smiling face,
Each well-known feature vividly I trace;
She's busy knitting, and she does not know
Her little girl, her face is quizzing so;
And there sits father, with his pipe and book,
How very, very natural they look;
The smoke is wreathing up around his head,
When he's done puffing he will seek his bed.
Now shall I tell you how you, too, appear?
Just wait one moment, and you soon shall hear.
A sheet of paper, goose-quill, and blue ink
Are by your side, — 't is ominous, I think,
And your bright thoughts are wandering far away
To that black doctor down in Nashua;
Scratch, scratch, the old pen goes, — 't is tired, poor
thing,
It would be happy in the old goose wing;
Write on, write on, I'll not disturb you, Miss,
You seem in such a state of perfect bliss.
With brow as calm as summer evening sky,
Our sister Mina, too, is sitting by,

Her face turned westward, and her mind there too,
I *guess* 't is so, and, Sarah, do not you ?
I'll pull her ear, and call her back once more
From Yorker's land, to our New England shore.
Julius is reading, and the cat's at rest,
Did he read always, puss, indeed, were blest.
Benja. is flying round, now here, now there,
Free from all trouble, and all free from care.
Sylvester has the dog upon his knee,
And looks as happy as a boy can be.
Is this all fancy, a wild, waking dream ?
What though it be, — does it not send a gleam,
A blessed gleam of sunlight through my heart ?
Then, shall I bid these visions bright depart ?
Now shall I tell you how I spend my time ?
I rove o'er fields, and the green hills I climb ;
I seek the wild woods, and mid flowers so gay
I sometimes while a weary hour away ;
With raptured heart I listen to the bird,
Whose melting notes from the green spray are heard ;
I watch the squirrel leap from tree to tree,
Proudly exulting in his liberty ;
Sometimes I knit, and then again I sew,
I'm *always busy*, you yourself well know ;
I feed the kittens and the chickens too,
You'll hardly think it, but I say 't is true,
The other night I milked the old red cow,
Do you not think I'm growing smart just now ?
I poetize a little when I feel
The rhyming mood over my spirit steal,

I mount Pegasus, and away I fly,
Away to realms unseen by mortal eye.
I read, I talk, I laugh, and sometimes play,
And thus the days and weeks now pass away.
The sun is sinking to his evening rest,
Behind the glowing curtains of the west,
A cool, soft breeze is blowing round me now,
And gently, gently fans my own warm brow ;
The shades are deepening so, I'll cease to write,
And wish you, sister dear, a kind good-night.
"I think you'd better," — is that what you say ?
Good-night, good-night, — your wild Sis, A. D. A.

TO A FRIEND.

A FRIEND doth ask, — dear lady, for thy sake,
With willing heart I'll tune my unstrung lyre,
Its chords, long mute, once more will I awake,
With eager hand will sweep each quivering wire ;
An humble gift it is, to thee I bring
A simple lay, — Friendship's pure offering.

A few short years have passed since first we met
As happy school girls, and day after day
Conned the same tasks, — shall we those hours forget ?
Oh ! from our hearts they *cannot* fade away ;
A place they have on memory's bright page,
Nor time shall wear away, nor change, nor age.

Our school days ! O, how swiftly have they fled,
Our much loved school-mates ! let the warm tear flow,
A low voice whispers, " some are with the dead,
And some are gone where other breezes blow ;
We met, — we loved, — we parted, — may we meet,
A happy band once more, at Jesus' feet !

Time hath wrought changes, — thou erelong wilt stand
Before the altar, a warm-hearted bride,
With one thou lovest well, linked hand in hand,
One for whose love thou leavest all beside ;
And holy vows by each will there be given,
Breathed here on earth, and registered in heaven.

O happy, happy be thy wedded life,
It is my warm, my heartfelt wish for thee,
Free from all sorrow, discord, and all strife,
Mayst thou float calmly o'er life's changeful sea ;
And the same hopes that light thy heart and brow,
Gleam there as bright in after years as now.

Farewell ! fond wishes and warm prayers are thine,
May bright flowers bloom where'er thy feet may tread,
Ever above thee may the blue skies shine,
And o'er thy heart their genial influence shed ;
Heaven guide thy bark in safety to the shore,
God bless thee now, and bless thee evermore !

A LETTER TO FRIEND ABBY.

ABBY, my dear, in writing mood just now,
Joy in my heart, and sunshine on my brow,
I've set me down to spend an hour or so
In pleasant chit-chat, — will you have it so?
I've trimmed my lamp, and stirred my good warm
fire,
Its cheerful blaze will happy thoughts inspire;
Wild fancies now are floating through my brain,
In very truth they are a motley train,
I'll set them down to see how they appear
In black and white, — not very well, I fear.
Long weeks have passed since I have seen thy face,
Yet deep within my heart remains the trace
Of a bright eye, and of a sunny smile
That beamed on me, and won my heart the while.
E'en now, methinks, that happy face I see,
Would that it were so, would you were with me;
But vain the wish, — wishes are often so
In this strange world, as you and I well know.
But what of that? all things are for the best,
With that sage thought, I'll let the matter rest.
I have a thousand things I wish to say,
Some may be sober, and some may be gay,
Light o'er this little sheet my pen will glide,
While fancy paints thee sitting by my side.

How have you passed the time since last we met?
Your promises, I fear me, you forget;
You told me then that you would surely write
Or visit me, — say, am I not aright?
I've looked in vain, — no letter did you send,
Or come to visit your wild Jaffrey friend.
I have all sorts of times, some sad, — most gay,
Sometimes feel lonely, — sisters both away,
No one to laugh at, — were Ermina here
I'd have some fun, at her expense, I fear.
I love to teaze folks, — those I love the best
I plague the most, and with the greatest zest.
In early years, Miss Hector was my name,
Now I am older, I deserve the same.
“A naughty girl,” you say, — I know that too,
And all who know me say that it is true.
I work, and laugh, and talk, and read, and write,
Run out these evenings when the stars are bright,
Call upon friends, and have a social chat,
A good long confab about this and that;
And when I feel my spirits getting low,
Away, away to the wild woods I go.
Grand times I have beneath the forest trees,
Whose leafless branches murmur in the breeze;
And there I listen to the rustling sound
Of leaflets sere, light falling to the ground;
The rippling brooks which glitter at my feet,
With crystal eyes look up, my eyes to greet;
The wild-wood squirrel bounds from tree to tree,
Then stops, and turns his roguish eyes on me.

The pine makes music which I love full well,
Mournfully sweet the notes which rise and swell
As the wind whispers mid its tapering leaves,
Methinks o'er glories past it fondly grieves.
Of all things else in this world fair and good,
I love a ramble in the dark old wood.
Summer is over, — it has passed away,
Like a bright vision, all too fair to stay,
And lonely feelings have stole o'er my heart,
As I have watched its lovely things depart.
Where are the leaves that clothed the forest tree?
Their verdant wavings we no longer see;
Withered and fallen in our paths they lie,
Mournfully rustling as the wind sweeps by.
Where are the flowers that decked the green hill-
side?
Sweetly they lived, — alas! they sweetly died;
They bloomed, — they drooped, they faded, their last
breath
Came floating on the air, fragrant in death.
Where are the birds gone? echo answers, — where?
Their gushing music swells not on the air;
Sweetly they sung through the gay summer time,
Sweetly they now sing in a fairer clime.
How oft I've watched their journey through the sky,
And longed for wings that with them I might fly
To those bright regions where flowers never fade,
But bloom, undying, in each sunny glade.
They are gone, — all gone, bird-song, leaves, and
flowers,
None left to cheer us through the wintry hours.

Where do you spend Thanksgiving, — with your Sis?
My love to her, and add to it a kiss,
And give the same to Jane and Sarah too,
To Mrs. H., and all friends good and true.
Say to your brother, I'd be glad to see
Himself and wife and sister in Jaffrey.
But I must close for want of time to write,
And so I'll bid you, Abby dear, "good night."
Soon to these foolish lines an answer send,
If you would claim me longer as a friend.
Be a good girl, and, if you love me, say,
Will you not visit soon your A. D. A.?

FOR AN ALBUM.

BRIGHTLY the sun is sinking to his rest,
Softly its rays are lingering in the west,
Light fleecy clouds are sailing there on high,
Like angel robes left floating in the sky;
With rainbow colors do they glisten now,
Pausing to rest upon our mountain's brow.

The shades are deepening, — lo, a star appears
Bright as a seraph's eye suffused with tears;
There it hangs trembling like a brilliant gem
Glittering upon some proud king's diadem,

And shining o'er us with its diamond ray,
Chases the gloom of the departing day.

So when the evening of thy life draws near,
And earthly visions soon to disappear,
Calm be thy spirit, trustful be thy heart,
As slowly one by one life's sands depart,
While unseen angels hover by thy side,
Thy chainless spirit to its home to guide.

And when thine eye is closed, when death's cold hand
Leads thee a captive to the spirit-land ;
May Bethlehem's star shine through the awful gloom,
And chase the shadows from the dark, cold tomb,
Its soft rays guide thee to a home of rest,
The home of angels and of spirits blest.

MY SISTER'S BRIDAL.

I SAW her at the altar, — with the loved one by her side,
Who held her trembling hand in his, and claimed her
as his bride,
He gazed with love upon her, as he breathed his
marriage vow,
While a tear gleamed on her eyelid, a smile beamed on
her brow.

I saw her at the altar, — and our mother, too, was there,
Whose yearning heart went up to heaven, in deep,
 though silent prayer;
That prayer was for our eldest, the first to leave our
 hearth,
Our home, which to her heart had been the dearest
 spot on earth.

I saw her at the altar, — and our father, too, was near,
His lip betrayed no quivering, and his eye shed not one
 tear,
But he *felt* that one beloved, one who had been his
 pride,
Was leaving then his heart and home, a pure, warm-
 hearted bride.

I saw her at the altar, — and her sisters, too, stood by,
A weight of sadness pressed the heart, and tear-drops
 filled the eye;
One fond, one fervent kiss they pressed upon the loved
 one's cheek,
Their hearts o'erflowed with tenderness, which lips
 might never speak.

I saw her at the altar, — and her loved young brothers
 came,
And clasped her snowy hand in theirs, and fondly
 breathed her name;
Oh, sadly at that hour they felt her girlhood's days
 were o'er,
And that her smiles and tones of love would cheer her
 home no more.

I saw her at the altar, — and young friends were
standing round,
With laughing eyes, and blushing cheeks, and locks
with roses crowned ;
And happy voices from the throng came floating to my
ear,
I could not join them in their mirth, but turned to hide
a tear.

I saw her at the altar, and the holy prayer arose
That heaven's rich blessings might descend, and on
their heart's repose ;
That God would safely guide their bark over life's
solemn main,
Till safe the sunny port of heaven that fragile bark
might gain.

I saw at the altar, — and our hearts did fondly grieve
That she our loved, our cherished one, her childhood's
home must leave ;
Full many fears did sadden us, full many hopes were
born,
O, gentle sister, in our hearts upon thy bridal morn.

LINES UPON THE RECEPTION OF A BOQUET OF
THE TRAILING ARBUTUS ON MAY-DAY, 1847.

THANKS for the flowers, my cousin dear,
Those first frail blossoms of the year,
They've come, like gentle friends, once more,
To throw a spell of beauty o'er
This cold and dreary world of ours,
Oh, well I love those frail, sweet flowers.
But yet sad thoughts are in my heart,
Unbidden do the tear-drops start,
For though the leaves upon the trees,
Murmur soft music in the breeze,
And though the birds, with notes of glee,
Warble their sweetest minstrelsy;
Though flowerets bloom o'er hill and dale,
Their sweet breath floating on the gale,
And though all lovely things once more
Return to gladden sea and shore,
The *dead* may *never more* return,
Although our hearts oft sadly yearn
To see the smile, to hear the tone,
Of loved ones from this sad world gone.

My sister loved those flowerets well,
But she is gone from earth to dwell;
The eye is closed, the heart is still,
That oft with joy would wildly thrill

To hear the Spring's awakening voice,
Coming to bid the world rejoice.
Spring blossoms she no more may see,
Nor green leaves waving on the tree ;
Sweet bird-song may not greet her ear,
Her home is in a purer sphere ;
Yet birds will sing above her tomb,
And flowerets there will sweetly bloom,
And well we know she's happy there,
Where never comes one thought of care,
And oh ! we would not call her back,
From heaven to "life's dim faded track !"

FOR AN ALBUM.

AN Album, — what is it, — what should it be ?
A casket of gems, of pearls from the sea,
The fathomless sea of the human mind,
The heart where treasures are ever enshrined ;
Or a rich boquet of beautiful flowers,
Culled from friendship's garden, affection's bowers,
And those gems, those flowers, together will prove
A treasure indeed from the friends we love.

Go, then, little Album, ask and receive
Blossoms and pearls for thy owner to weave,

Beautiful garlands that freshly will bloom,
When friends who have given, lie cold in the tomb.
Fame, honor, and wealth will vanish away,
But friendship, *true friendship*, will never decay;
Loved friends will depart, but love's ties are not riven,
Love buds upon earth, it blossoms in heaven.

TO THE MEMORY OF COUSIN ELLEN.

THOU'RT gone to the tomb, young cousin, — gone to
the silent tomb,
And o'er thine early place of rest the flowers of sum-
mer bloom,
The golden sunshine falls upon the green grass waving
there,
While low, soft breezes murmur by, as with a voice of
prayer;
Morn, noon, and eve, some tuneful bird there rests his
shining wing,
And soft and sad, but very sweet are notes that he
doth sing.

Thou'rt gone to the tomb, young cousin, — gone in thine
early years,
Before one sorrow wrung thy heart, or dimmed thine
eye with tears,

While life seemed very beautiful, and care a thing
unknown,
And round thy path a fairy spell of loveliness was
thrown;
Gone while a rainbow hue was spread o'er all this earth
of ours,
Ere thou hadst learned the bitter truth, that "thorns
grow mid the flowers."

Thou'rt gone to the tomb, young cousin, — gone from
a world of woe,
Where grief and sorrow find a home, where burning
tear-drops flow,
Where oft, *too oft*, the tempter comes with soft, bewitch-
ing power
To lure us from the path of peace, in some unguarded
hour!
Where death is busy with his prey, and parting words
are spoken,
And love's bright links that bind the heart are wildly,
rudely broken.

Thou'rt gone to the tomb, young cousin, — gone to that
better shore,
Where sorrow, or the tempter's wiles, can reach thee
nevermore;
Safely thy little bark is moored among those peaceful
isles,
Where flowers, bright flowers, perennial bloom, and
sunshine ever smiles,

Mid pastures green, by fountains cool, thy feet will ever
rove,
Attended by bright angel bands, and all thy life be love.

We lost thee in the summer time, when flowers were
blooming fair,
And music of the little birds was floating on the air,
When soft, green leaves were waving fresh on every
forest tree,
And over earth and sky was thrown a spell of witchery ;
But though the earth was beautiful, it could not stay
thee here,
Thy spirit's eye had caught the glimpse of a far brighter
sphere.

We twined fresh rose-buds in thy hair, we placed them
on thy breast,
And laid thee down, meek, suffering one, in dreamless
sleep to rest ;
Not sadly will we think of thee, but gently, as of one
Whose task is o'er, whose home is gained, whose golden
crown is won !
And when the silver cord is loosed that binds our
spirit's wing,
We'll soar away, and join with thee the songs the angels
sing !

MY SISTER'S BURIAL.

I SAW her in her coffin, and her husband by her side,
He who had sought her first pure love, and won her for
his bride ;

His lip was pressed upon her cheek, his hand upon her
brow,

That brow, and cheek, and ruby lip, were cold as marble
now ;

I knew his heart was desolate, that earthly joy had fled,
As in mute agony he stood beside the peaceful dead,
And I know life's path was darkened, knew that the
silent tomb

Would throw a shadow, deep and dark, o'er all his
years to come !

I saw her in her coffin, and her little childrens' cry
Thrilled painfully on every heart, brought tears to every
eye ;

One little infant, scarce four months, and one not two
years old,

O'er whom a mother's heart had poured its wealth of
love untold,

Were left in this cold world of ours without that holy love
To shield their tender infancy, and guide to heaven
above ;

Sweet babes! so early motherless,— God shield and
love them well,
And by their sainted mother's side bring them at last
to dwell.

I saw her in her coffin, and her mother's scalding
tears
Fell fast, like rain-drops, as her thoughts went back to
other years,
When she who lay so calm and still was pillowed on
her breast,
And lulled with gentle songs of love to her sweet
evening's rest;
Or when a gay, light-hearted child, she carolled at her
knee,
As careless as a singing-bird, as joyous and as free;
Oh! bitter, bitter were the tears which that pale
mother shed,
As silently she gazed upon her "first-born and her
dead!"

I saw her in her coffin, and her father's steadfast gaze
Was on his child, while memory recalled her early
days,
When through the fields, and by the streams, she
bounded at his side,
Or sought with him the forest shade where the blue
violets hide;
She was the first to claim his love, to bless his home on
earth,
To cheer his heart with winning smiles, and with her
songs of mirth;

The first to leave his little flock, to break his household
band,
To plume her wings and soar away to the bright spirit-
land!

I saw her in her coffin, and her sisters stood around,
While tears which wring in shedding, told of the heart's
cureless wound;
It could not be, it could not be that one they loved so
well,
Had passed so silently from earth without one last
farewell;
They "grew together side by side" through girlhood's
happy years,
Sharing each other's joys and griefs, each other's hopes
and fears;
Oh! bitter was that parting hour, yet mid its tears was
given
The rainbow hope, that they might meet that sister-
band in heaven.

I saw her in her coffin, and her brothers, too, were by,
Bending above that lifeless form with troubled brow and
eye;
The hand of death had paled her cheek, his seal was on
her brow,
The casket of the priceless gem was all they gazed
on now;
Oh! well they knew that sister's love, her gentleness
and worth,
But love's bright links were broken now, and she had
passed from earth.

Over that loved one's dreamless sleep I saw those
brothers bend,
And weep a silent farewell to their "sister and their
friend."

I saw her in her coffin, and I knew the voiceless tomb
Would take her to its bosom, and enshroud her in its
gloom,

That to this weary world of ours she might no more
return,

Although to greet the loved, the lost, our hearts would
sadly yearn;

She perished with the autumn flowers, at Winter's
chilling breath,

Spring breezes might not woo her back from the
embrace of death,

Bird-song might not awaken her, nor the soft breath of
flowers,

Why should we weep? her home we knew was brighter
far than ours.

We knew her spirit, freed from clay, had gained the
spirit-land,

And that her bright attendants were a shining seraph
band,

That angel voices welcomed her to their high home of
rest,

And safely moored her fragile bark mid islands of the
blest;

The Saviour's melting tones of love stole on her
ravished ear,

And music from ten thousand harps of white-robed
beings near,

We knew that with that happy band she evermore
would dwell,
And tearfully, though trustfully, we breathed our sad
farewell.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

SHE comes, — my spirit-visitor, — with robe of spotless
white,
Gliding as angels only glide, with footsteps soft and
light ;
She sits beside me, and her hand is laid upon my own,
While one white arm all lovingly around my form is
thrown.

She speaks, and oh ! what seraph tones are chiming on
my ear,
My little heart beats tremblingly, but it is not with fear ;
Her soft and melting eyes of blue look tenderly in
mine,
And my rapt soul is full, — how full ! of visions all
divine !

Her fragrant lips with thrilling touch upon my own are
pressed,
O'erburdened with excess of joy I sink upon her
breast,

While to my weary, fainting soul a rich foretaste is
given,
Of that deep, full, and perfect bliss, the angels know in
heaven.

She asks me of those precious ones confided to our care,
Those winning, loving little girls, so beautiful and fair,
One still a laughing, happy babe, caressed upon the
knee,
And one a bright-eyed, joyous child, whose years are
not yet three.

She asks that I would early teach their infant lips to
pray,
To love God's holy word, and read its lessons day by day ;
Her voice is low and tremulous, rich with a mother's love,
Bidding me guide those sinless ones to her bright home
above.

She tells me of that blessed world where she has gone
to dwell,
Where sounds of grief are never heard, or "murmurs
of farewell ;"
Where spirits freed from earth, no more with earthborn
passions thrill,
And restless beatings of the heart forever more are still.

She speaks to me of fadeless flowers by crystal foun-
tains seen,
Of silvery waters gliding through pastures of living
green,

Of music of the angel bands, those full, rich, gushing
 strains,
Floating in tides of melody o'er all those heavenly plains.

She tells me of that white-robed throng, their pure and
 perfect bliss,
Their joys of which we scarcely dream here in a world
 like this ;

Oh ! beautiful she paints to me that happy spirit-land,
Till my heart yearns, with longings deep, to join that
 sinless band.

But words of mine can never tell, no pen of mine can
 trace

One half the blessed things she says of God's own
 dwelling-place ;

The glory of the King of king's, the splendor of his
 crown,

Before whose throne angelic choirs cast their bright
 garlands down.

She leaves me,—yet a little while that I may linger here,
My spirit's eye has caught the glimpse of a far bright-
 er sphere ;

Soon will the silver cord be loosed, the spirit's wing be
 free,

Oh ! sister, sister, I will come ere long to dwell with thee !



LINES UPON THE DEATH OF E. DAVIS.

I SAW him in his coffin, clad in a snowy shroud,
And o'er his cold and marble form his weeping parents
bowed ;

The eye was closed, the pulse was still, — gone was the
fluttering breath,
While sweetly there he slumbered on the dreamless
sleep of death.

I gazed upon his infant brow, white as the first pure
snow,

And felt that o'er his couch of rest no bitter tear
should flow ;

That not one heart should wish to lure his young freed
spirit back,

From that bright world, the spirit-land, ' to life's dim
faded track.'

Oh ! weeping parents, well ye know thy child is happy
now,

That every trace of grief and pain has fled his cherub
brow ;

Though he has left thy cradling arms, yet he is there at
rest,

Folded within the Saviour's arms, upon his loving
breast.

And though his lisping, infant voice no more will greet
your ear,
O'er thy fair child, robed for the tomb, shed not one
burning tear ;
Though silenced here, that sweet-toned voice now joins
the angels' song,
Though passed from earth, he glideth now amid a
seraph throng.

A little harp of purest gold, by angel hands is given,
And its melodious strains are heard throughout the
courts of heaven ;
List ! we can almost hear the sounds of thy sweet in-
fant's lyre,
As his soft hand, with gentlest touch, sweeps o'er each
quivering wire.

Surely ye would not wish him back in this sad world
of ours,
Where every pleasure has its pain, where thorns grow
mid the flowers ;
But with a calm and trustful heart lay him beneath the
sod,
Nor murmur that thy Father's hand hath raised the
chastening rod.

Above his grave the sweet wild flowers will bloom with
coming spring,
Over his early place of rest gay birds a requiem sing ;
Gently the rain and dew descend upon that sacred
mound,
While summer winds will pass it by with sweetly lull-
ing sound.

God gave, — God taketh, — let thy will, thy holy will
 be done,
Breathe this low prayer above the dust of thy sweet
 infant son ;
Oh ! stay thy aching hearts on Him who knoweth all
 thy woe,
And he will bear thy spirits up, thy tears will cease to
 flow.

FAREWELL OF SUMMER.

'T is night, — and as I sit alone,
 Low, solemn voices greet my ear,
Spell-bound I listen to the tone
 Of voices of the dying year ;
They come from earth, and sky, and sea,
 From every hill and every dell,
From summer haunts so dear to me,
 And wood-walks that I love so well,
From every leaf upon the trees,
 From every bird and every flower,
And on each gentle passing breeze,
 With thrilling power, — with thrilling power !

I hear the whispering of the leaves,
 True, it is mournful, — yet the sound
My spirit rather soothes than grieves,
 As they come floating to the ground.

“Throughout the long, bright summer hours,
In green and beautiful array,
We’ve decked the forests, groves, and bowers,”
In low and murmuring tones they say :
“Now we are falling sere and dead,
Our beauty and our glory o’er,
But when spring sunbeams smile o’erhead,
We’ll come once more,— we’ll come once more!”

A low, soft breeze is floating by,
The last, perchance, that I shall hear,
For storm-clouds gather in the sky,
And the loud tempest’s voice is near !
“We’ve waved the leaves upon the tree,
And gently fanned the mountain’s brow,
And raised the ripples on the sea,
Away, away we’re passing now ;
The winter’s voice will soon be heard,
Howling around the cottage door ;
But with the leaf, and flower, and bird,
We’ll play once more,— we’ll play once more !”

The flowers now fading on the hill,
Or where the silvery waters flow,
Speak to me at this hour so still,
In fairy whispers, soft and low :
“Oh ! we have made the forests gay,
The hill-sides and the vallies fair,
And tempted oft thy feet to stray,
To seek us nestling sweetly there.

Frail things are we, and cannot dwell
Where tempests beat, and wild winds roar,
But when stern Winter breathes farewell,
We'll bloom once more,—we'll bloom once
more !”

The birds' sweet voices greet my ear,
Poured richly forth from yonder tree ;
I pause, and hold my breath to hear
Their thrilling farewell song to me.
Through all the livelong summer days,
Where waved a leaf, or bloomed a flower,
We've sweetly sung our joyous lays,
At morning, noon, and evening hour.
Farewell,—a short farewell,—we go
To seek some far off sunny shore ;
But when the summer breezes blow,
We'll sing once more,—we'll sing once more !

THE FOUR WISHES.

FIRST VOICE.

I ASK for power,—that 'neath my sway
Nations should tremble and obey ;
Over the sea to stretch my hand,
And sway my sceptre o'er the land,

That proudest monarch should lay down,
At will of mine, his jewelled crown ;
That rich and poor should bend the knee,
And pay due homage unto me,
And the sun's eye should never shine
On kingdoms that I called not mine ;
Thus seated on my lofty throne,
The whole wide world my sway should own.

RESPONSE.

Thirst not for power, — if rightly used,
'T will bring no peace, — but if abused,
Nations will rise and curses shed,
Long, loud, deep curses on thy head.
Thirst not for power, — thy life will be
A life of splendid misery,
And thou wilt be the slave of all,
Though at thy feet the world should fall.
Thirst not for power, — for though to-day
Nations thy slightest will obey,
Perchance to-morrow thou 'lt lay down,
Before the king of death thy crown.

SECOND VOICE.

I ask for riches, — wealth untold,
For coffers filled with glittering gold,
For pearls that in the ocean shine,
And gems that sparkle in the mine.

Upon the treasures of each zone,
I'd lay my hand, and call my own ;
I would each star that decks the sky
A diamond at my feet might lie,
That every leaf, on every tree,
Would fall in precious stones for me ;
Yes, wealth into my coffers pour
Till mortal could not wish for more !

RESPONSE.

Oh, ask not gold ! 't will melt away,
Like dew-drops at the coming day ;
'T will fill thy young and guileless breast
With care, and trouble, and unrest.
Oh, ask not gold ! for it will fling
A fetter o'er the spirit's wing,
And bind it when it fain would rise
To seek true riches in the skies.
Oh, ask not gold ! for it will prove
A snare, and cause thy feet to rove
Far from that straight and narrow way,
That leads to realms of endless day.

THIRD VOICE.

I ask for beauty, — for an eye
Bright as the stars in yonder sky ;
For tresses on the air to fling,
And put to shame the raven's wing ;

Cheeks, where the lily and the rose
Are blended in a sweet repose ;
For pearly teeth, and coral lip,
Tempting the honey-bee to sip ;
And for a fairy foot, as light
As is the young gazelle's in flight ;
And then a small, white, tapering hand ;
I'd reign a beauty in the land !

RESPONSE.

Sigh not for beauty, — like the flower
That opes its petals for an hour,
And droops beneath the noontide ray,
So will thy beauty fade away ;
The brightest eye at last must close,
And on the cheek where blooms the rose
The hand of death will set his seal,
O'er it the canker-worm will steal ;
Those tresses rich and glossy now,
Clustering around the snowy brow,
Will turn to dust, — yes, beauty's bloom
Must wither in the silent tomb.

FOURTH VOICE.

I ask the poet's gift, — the lyre,
With skilful hand to sweep each wire ;
I'd pour my burning thoughts in song,
In lays deep, passionate, and strong,

Till hearts should thrill at every word,
As mine is thrilled at song of bird !
Oh ! I would die, and leave some trace
That earth has been my dwelling place,
Would live in hearts forever more,
When my frail, fitful life is o'er ;
Oh ! for the gifted poet's power,
This is my wish, be this my dower.

RESPONSE.

A glorious gift ! yet it will be
A source of sorrow unto thee,
In this cold, selfish world of ours,
Where piercing thorns grow mid the flowers ;
'T will fill that gentle breast of thine
With thirst for something too divine,
And like the young caged bird, whose eye .
Looks out upon the free, blue sky,
Thy spirit's wing will long to soar,
To seek some far off, peaceful shore ;
It is at best a weary lot,
Then, gentle maiden, ask it not !

VOICES ALL.

What shall we ask ? if power will shed
So many curses on the head,
If beauty blooms but for a day,
Then like the spring-flower fades away,

And if the gift of wealth will fling
A fetter o'er the spirit's wing,
And if the poet's thrilling lyre
Will kindle such a restless fire
Within the soul, and make it pine
With thirst for something too divine,
What shall we ask? fain would we know,
To make us happy here below.

RESPONSE.

Oh! seek for things of nobler worth
Than the poor, cankering gifts of earth;
Ask for the treasures of the mind,
A heart all generous, true, and kind;
Ask virtue a green wreath to twine,
To deck those young, fair brows of thine,
A wreath of fadeless buds and flowers,
Destined to bloom in heaven's own bowers.
Ask for Religion, — it will be
Worth, beauty, fame, and power to thee,
And when this fleeting life is o'er
'T will give thee life forever more.

FOR MY SISTER ERMINA.

SWEET sister, at this twilight hour,
While sings the bird her evening lay,
And gentle dews refresh each flower,
That drooped beneath the noontide ray;
While cool, soft breezes play around,
And gently fan my burning brow,
Falling with sweet and soothing sound.
Upon my ear like music now;
While trembling there in yonder sky,
That little star looks down on me,
I'll wipe the tear-drops from my eye,
And trill a simple song for thee.

My heart is full, O sister dear,
Of tender thoughts of one whose love
No longer lights our pathway here,
But purer glows in worlds above;
And though a year has almost flown,
Since we have laid her down to rest,
To-night her form sat by my own,
Her lips upon my brow were pressed.
Her low, sweet voice was in my ear,
Entranced I listened to each word,
So soft, so silvery, and so clear,
As ne'er from mortal lips was heard.

With glowing eye she talked with me
Of our own happy childhood's hours,
When hand in hand we sisters three,
With chainless footsteps sought the flowers,
Or sat beneath the forest trees,
Upon some green and mossy bed,
While stirred by the low, murmuring breeze,
The leaves made music overhead ;
While on the quiet, summer air,
The birds poured forth their thrilling song,
Till every green leaf waving there,
Seemed the sweet echoes to prolong.

She spake to me of girlhood's days,
When we had hopes unmixed with fears,
Ere we had learned the world's cold ways,
And smiles were ours, undimmed by tears,
When life seemed like a long, bright dream,
Our spirits buoyant as the air,
And looking o'er life's gentle stream,
Thought not that rocks lay hidden there ;
While onward, onward lightly sped,
Our little barks adown the river,
Trusting the sunbeams overhead
Would keep the waters bright forever.

She talked with me of riper years,
When the hours flew less lightly by,
And, seen through nature's flowing tears,
The rainbow spanned a clouded sky.

Some of our brightest dreams had flown,
And that strange lyre, the human heart,
Awoke a deeper, sadder tone,
That things so lovely could depart ;
And while we could not stay the tear,
To think youth's cloudless days were o'er,
A sad voice murmured in our ear,
They 'll come no more, — they 'll come no more !

They 'll come no more, O sister mine,
Those sunny hours that we have known ;
But shall we murmur or repine,
So many blessings still our own ?
True, clouds have gathered on our way,
Deep shadows round about us lie,
But waiting for a brighter day,
Upward we 'll look with steadfast eye ;
And as we linger round the tomb
Of one whom our warm hearts held dear,
Sweet voices will dispel the gloom,
She is not here, — she is not here.

LINES UPON HEARING A BIRD SING.

HARK ! what a thrilling gush of song
Floats out from yonder leafless tree ;
Sweet little bird, those strains prolong,
Sing, sing them once again for me.
Blow softly, breezes, lest one note
Might fail to reach my raptured ear,
That issues from that tiny throat,
So wild, so soft, so silvery clear.
Long wintry months have passed away,
Since I those warblings sweet have heard,
Since then, where hast thou been, and say,
What hast thou seen, my little bird ?

When last I saw thy tiny form,
Thy wings were soaring through the sky ;
I heard the wailings of the storm,
And cold, bleak winds were hurrying by.
The flowers were drooping on the hill,
The leaves were rustling on the ground,
The murmuring of the streams was still,
And desolation all around.
I watched thee till my eye no more
Could trace thee on thy winding way,
And wished I, too, had wings to soar
With thee and thine far, far away.

Who gave thee instinct, O thou bird,
To plume thy brilliant wings for flight,
When first the wintry winds are heard,
And storm-clouds gather with their might?
Whose hand directs thee through the air,
And leads thee on thy trackless way,
Guiding with such unerring care,
Where the soft summer breezes play?
Where hast thou been, — what hast thou seen?
Bird of the merry heart and song,
A joyous tale is thine I ween,
Answer, — thy thrilling strains prolong!

Away, away I lightly soared,
When first I felt the winter's power,
While here storms beat, and wild winds roared,
I safely sung in sylvan bower.
The sun, with a bright eye looked down
On scenes by summer breezes fanned,
And winter, with his chilling power,
Ne'er sways his sceptre o'er that land.
Oh! blithely, blithely did we sing,
My little sister birds and I,
Awhile we bathed each downy wing
In soft airs of that southern sky.

There silvery streams forever play,
Forever sparkle in the sun,
And bright reflect each starry ray,
When the long golden day is done.

There forest trees are ever green,
 Beneath whose widely spreading shade
A thousand bright-eyed flowers are seen,
 Adorning all the everglade.
There have I passed the long, bright hours,
 In singing songs you love so well,
But I have left those groves and flowers,
 With thee and thine once more to dwell.

And he who made my downy wing,
 And gave it its cerulean dye,
Who taught me sweetly how to sing,
 He guides me through the trackless sky.
Learn thou a lesson from the bird,
 That sings this morning on the tree,
And when the tempter's voice is heard,
 Plume, plume thy spirit's wing and flee.
If thou wilt trust God's guardian care,
 He'll guide thee on thy doubtful way,
For thee a bright home will prepare,
 Where shines an everlasting day.

THE GRAPE-VINE.

IN a shady dell a young grape-vine grew,
Humbly it trailed on the soft, green ground,
Warmed by the sunshine, and nursed by the dew,
And fanned by the zephyrs that played around.
Wild, beautiful flowers grew close by its side,
Round which its tendrils would lovingly twine,
While near it did bright silvery waters glide,
Reflecting the leaves of the graceful vine.

Awhile, and that vine raised its lowly head,
Up, up towards the blue and the sunny sky,
And spurning with pride its green mossy bed
Looked down on the flowers with a scornful eye.
Strong, stronger it grew, — high, higher it rose,
Wide, wider it spread to the summer air,
While the morning's dawn, and the evening's close,
Saw it boldly climb in its proud strength there.

And it vied at length with the noble form
Of a tall and wide-spreading forest tree,
That had scorned the wind, that had braved the storm,
And had mocked the tempest a century.
At morn, and at noon, and at close of day,
From its green branches there thrillingly stole
The wild, strange notes of the mocking-bird's lay,
And the gushing songs of the oriole.

The vine asked support, the tree gave it aid,
To its noble form the light tendrils clung,
While nearly concealed by the green leaves' shade,
The dark purple grapes in rich clusters hung.
Their close mingled leaves the same soft breeze stirred,
Upon them the same golden sunbeams fell ;
While from them the same mournful wail was heard,
As winter was chanting the summer's farewell.

An emblem meet is that vine on the tree,
Grown up in its wildness and strength and pride,
Of that foul stain on our land of the free,
Since our forefathers fought, and bled, and died.
At first it was humble, and hid its face,
And meekly plead for its criminal claim,
The good of that poor, and that dark-browed race,
And masked the sin in humanity's name !

But it grew in strength, and it raised its head,
And it doffed the mask it had worn before,
While like the bay-tree it thrived as it spread,
But plead the poor African's cause no more.
Those fair southern lands 'neath its Upas blight,
Raised heart-rending groans to the pitying sky,
While man, elate with his power and his might,
Looked on all unmoved, and with tearless eye.

It stands side by side with our own free land,
It asks protection, — we give it our aid,
We give the enslaver a friendly hand,
And by him the laws of our land are made !

We vote for the slaveholder ! shame, O shame !
We vauntingly boast of our liberty,
Nor pause we to think that *only in name*
America stands the land of the free !

I have read somewhere of the stately form
Of a towering oak, around which a vine,
To shield itself from the wind and the storm,
Began in its weakness to climb and twine.
Round branch and round leaf did its tendrils cling,
Close, closer it clasped the noble tree side,
Till wearied and worn with the creeping thing,
The heart of the stout oak within it died.

New England ! thou art like the oak, beware !
Though fearless of danger thy fate may be,
For want of forethought, for lack of care,
Like the fate of the stately forest tree.
Oh, dare do the right, — oh, dare spurn the wrong,
Dare raise thy voice for the poor and oppressed,
And thy glory shall live in annals and song,
Thou land of freedom, — thou home of the blessed.

MY LITTLE NIECES.

I HAVE but two, — two little girls,
Whose bounding steps are light as air,
The one with golden, sunny curls,
And one with long, brown, silken hair.
Two happier birds, in downy nest,
Ne'er carolled 'neath the morning sun,
Two lighter hearts ne'er sank to rest,
When the bright summer day was done.
They make the sun shine where they dwell,
With their sweet smiles and love-lit eyes;
And oh, we love them but too well,
Those angels lent us from the skies.

Their dark eyes have a changeful hue,
Thoughtful, at times, beyond their years,
Sometimes as mild as heaven's own blue,
Then seen again through transient tears.
Their merry voices, day by day,
Fall like soft music on the ear,
The very birds might cease their lay,
Awhile their joyous tones to hear.
And when their gladsome laugh rings out,
So silvery clear, so gay, so wild,
I long to join their happy shout,
And wish myself once more a child.

At morn, while sings the little bird,
Hand linked in hand they search for flowers,
And while his thrilling song is heard,
How swiftly pass the light-winged hours.
And when their little pattering feet,
Turn homeward when the sun is high,
All laden with those flowers so sweet,
And such a love-light in their eye,
We hardly know which fairest seem,
Those human flowers, or those that bloom
Brief, beautiful as fairy dream,
Then die and leave the earth in gloom.

Then when soft twilight steals o'er earth,
And cooling zephyrs gently play,
While one by one the stars have birth,
How sweet to hear those children pray.
How solemnly their words are spoken,
In lisping accents soft and low,
The stillness of the eve unbroken,
Save sounds that from their young lips flow.
Their bright eyes closed in earnest feeling,
Their infant prayer floats on the ear ;
Methinks that angels, earthward stealing,
Might pause, in silent joy to hear.

Their mother died when they were young,
Too young to know her love and claim ;
The eldest, with a faltering tongue,
Could only lisp that mother's name ;

The youngest was a little child,
Of four months old, with starry eyes,
That shone so brightly when she smiled,
They seemed like diamonds from the skies.
Sweet babes ! with yearning hearts of love
We took them to our home of sadness,
But oh ! how richly did they prove
A source of comfort, joy, and gladness.

It may be that in early years
The angel Death will claim his own,
And leave us once again in tears,
To tread life's pathway, sad and lone.
It may be that long years will roll
Ere they are called from earth away,
And that the weary, fainting soul,
Will long to leave its home of clay.
Father, we lay them on thine altar,
In joy and sorrow make them thine,
And may their footsteps never falter
While walking in that path divine !

MAIDEN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?

THE day was breaking strangely bright, o'er Juda's hills
and plains,
The very air of heaven seemed rife with sweet, melodious strains ;
A few light clouds, like fairy robes, sailed through the azure sky,
While breezes soft as angels' breath, went gently murmuring by.

The dew-drops sparkled on the flowers which bloomed upon the hills ;
Or blushed upon the verdant lawn, beside the sparkling rills ;
Their dewy eyes were half unclosed, while from their petals fair,
A rich, delicious fragrance stole upon the morning air.

A thousand tuneful birds awoke, and spread each shining wing,
While hill, and dale, and olive grove, with melody did ring ;
Oh ! never little birds did sing so thrillingly before, /
Such heavenly gush of bird-song sweet will visit earth no more.

Oh ! strangely, wildly beautiful was all that glowing
scene,
And yet it had no power to soothe the wretched Mag-
dalene ;
A weight of grief oppressed her heart, no ray of hope
was there,
But doubts, and fears, and troubled thoughts, and wild-
ness of despair.

With dark and tearful eye she stood beside the Saviour's
tomb,
Wilder the thoughts within her heart, and deeper still
the gloom ;
She stooped to look upon the spot where her Redeemer
lay, —
Then, with a cry of agony, the maiden turned away.

'T was gone, the precious clay was gone ! she turned to
look again,
And saw two white-robed angels where her master's
form had lain ;
They gazed upon her tearful cheek, upon her clouded
brow,
Then with soft soothing voice they spake, — ' Maiden,
why weepest thou ? '

' I seek my Lord,' in trembling tones, the weeping Mary
said,
' Why seek ye here,' the angels ask, the living 'mong
the dead ?

He is not here. He has escaped the thralldom of the
grave,
And he who saved thee from thy sins hath *still* the
power to save.'

A light came to the maiden's eye, up from her heart it
stole,
For faith and hope with rainbow tints, came o'er her
darkened soul;
He lives, the blessed Saviour lives, who had her sins
forgiven!
Still can she safely trust in him, and humbly hope for
heaven.

She turned and met her Saviour's form, as yet she knew
him not,
He speaks! that thrilling voice *once* heard could *never*
be forgot;
Mary!—the name fell on her ear in accents soft and
sweet,—
Rabboni! joyously she fell at her Redeemer's feet.

A SUMMER EVENING SONG.

PALE, crescent moon, — ere thy soft light,
Fades from the summer evening sky,
I'll linger one short hour to-night,
Beneath thy gentle beaming eye.

The glowing sun has sunk to rest,
The whisperings of the wind are still,
The dew-drops lie on earth's warm breast,
And flowers are slumbering on the hill.
No sound disturbs this solemn hour,
Save music of one little bird,
That sits in yonder leafy bower,
Whence its sweet, thrilling songs are heard.

Oh, little bird! — with thee I'll sing,
One low, and sad, and plaintive lay,
The burden of my heart I'll fling
Aside in music, — then away.
Sweet sister, 't is of thee, of thee
My little heart is full to-night,
Thy voice I hear, thy form I see,
Clothed in an angel's robe of white.
Thou glidest with ethereal grace,
And a bright seraph's form is thine;
But by that smile upon thy face,
I know, I know thou still art mine!

We were but three, — in childhood's hours,
Hand linked in hand at morning's dawn,
We sought the green-wood's cooling-bowers,
Or bounded o'er the grassy lawn.
We culled flowers in the shady vale,
We found them on the green, green hill,
Those blossoms beautiful as frail,
We found them by the sparkling rill.

We sung with all the little birds,
We watched the squirrels on the tree,
The woods rung with our joyous words,
Our merry laugh, — we sisters three.

We were but three, — our girlhood's days,
Went gliding like a fairy dream,
And singing many joyous lays,
We sailed adown life's rapid stream.
The sun shone in the blue above,
A bright sun in the blue below,
Borne onward by the breath of love,
How gently, gently did we go.
Our life seemed but a joyous round
Of merry laughter, song, and glee,
Light as the spring-bird's wing would bound
Our happy hearts, — we sisters three.

We were but three, — our ripper years,
Though sometimes shaded o'er with sadness,
Though smiles were sometimes chased by tears,
And mingled was our cup of gladness;
We knew "it was not all of life
To live, nor all of death to die,"
We knew that sorrow, pain, and strife
Ne'er reached that world beyond the sky.
We knew 't was but a fleeting dream,
Our journey o'er life's solemn sea,
So trustful down the shadowy stream,
We glided on, — we sisters three.

We were but three, — the angel death,
Looked on our little trio band,
He stilled the pulse, he stole the breath,
And bore *one* to the spirit-land.
With aching hearts, with streaming eyes,
We laid her gently down to rest
Beneath the blue and smiling skies,
Upon the green earth's quiet breast.
We list in vain to hear her tone,
We gaze in vain her form to see,
Dust turns to dust, — the spirit's flown,
We are no longer sisters three.

We are but two, — O sister dear,
One golden link in life's bright chain,
Which bound our hearts together here,
Is broken ne'er to clasp again.
We feel an aching void within,
Which this sad world can never fill,
But from her home, above life's din,
There comes a sweet voice, "Peace, be still."
Though passed, O loved ones, from thy vision,
My spirit lingers still with thee,
And in my own bright home elysian,
I love thee, — we are sisters three.

We *still are three*, — death could not sever
That holy tie, — a sister's love,
She still is ours, and ours forever,
Though passed to her bright home above.

And though on earth long years we linger,
Through scenes of sorrow though we roam,
Still shall we see a mystic finger,
Point upward to her own blessed home.
And when upon some angel's pinion
We soar, our weary spirits free,
There, there in that serene dominion,
Forever we are sisters three!

OUR FOREST TREES.

How beautiful, how beautiful are all our forest trees,
How brilliant is their foliage, waving in every breeze;
Who gave them their rich coloring? surely no human
hand
Could paint them so, and make our earth so much like
fairy-land!

It was a cold September night, the pale moon rode on
high,
The unseen artist, brush in hand, came downward from
the sky,
With rapid touch, with matchless skill, but *how* no one
could tell,
He painted all our groves and trees, then bade the
earth farewell.

At morn, oh, what a glorious sight on every hand was
seen,
The forests, but the eve before, so deeply, darkly green,
Had borrowed all the lovely tints of heaven's own
beauteous bow,
And in Aurora's new-born light how richly did they
glow.

There was the russet's sombre hue, the richer tint of
gold,
And royal purple that would vie with Tyrian days of
old;
The dark, rich brown, the orange tinge, the glow of
ruby red,
Were mingled on our forest trees, and waving overhead!
The genius that had wrought the work, we sought in
vain to find,
Traces of footsteps where he went, were all he left
behind;
The trees he made most beautiful, but oh! the flowers,
the flowers
Were drooping on the sunny hills, and in the green-wood
bowers.

Their dying breath stole sweetly out upon the cool, fresh
air,
And glittering drops of crystal dew were resting every-
where;
It was, indeed, a touching sight of beauty and decay,
The fading flowers, the dewy tears, the groves in bright
array.

How beautiful, how beautiful were all our forest trees,
What low, soft music from their leaves came on each
gentle breeze ;
But oh ! that music had for us a pensive, saddening
tone,
For we knew such wondrous beauty came, born of
decay alone.

We knew their brilliant coloring was but the hectic
bloom
That beautifies the dying cheek when nearest to the
tomb ;
The bloom that cheats the hopeful heart into the thought
that death
Will yield in pity to our tears, nor steal the loved one's
breath.

But mournfully, soon mournfully the wailing winds
will blow,
And scatter all those glorious leaves, and lay their beauty
low ;
And then the winter's first pure snow on hill and
everglade,
Will cover with a spotless shroud the ruin he has made !

LINES TO S. L. J. ON HER TWENTY-FIRST
BIRTH-DAY.

FAIR lady, thou dost ask a lay
From this untutored harp of mine,
And in the dying light of day,
This happy, natal day of thine,
I'll sit me down, and take my lute,
That I have loved so long and well,
And wake for thee its chords so mute,
Ere twilight bids the earth farewell ;
Yes, with a heart all full to-night,
With fancy's tireless pinions free,
Impatient for ærial flight,
I'll sing a song of love for thee.

My thoughts fly back to other years,
When thou wast but a little child,
A thing of sudden smiles and tears,
Fair as a wood-flower, and as wild ;
I see thy raven locks of hair,
Thine eyes of the same midnight hue,
Thy forehead like the lily fair,
Thy lips like rose-buds bathed in dew ;
It seemed that sorrow could not fling
One shadow o'er a heart like thine,
So like the early flowers of spring,
Born but for love and summer-shine.

Thy girlhood came, — oh! what a dream,
A fairy dream life seemed to thee,
As gazing down life's silvery stream,
No rocks, no quicksands couldst thou see;
Earth seemed an Eden, and thine eye
Saw not the thorns amid the flowers,
No cloud obscured the clear, blue sky,
No sorrow clogged the light-winged hours.
Thy voice rung out like song of bird,
And ere its last glad note had died,
A thousand echoes sweet were heard,
As danced thy shallop o'er the tide.

Sweet friend, thy girlhood's years are flown,
With noiseless footsteps they depart,
And one and twenty years have thrown
Some shadows o'er thy trusting heart.
Life is not all the sunny vision
That fancy in thy childhood drew,
Of fadeless flowers, and scenes elysian,
Of friends, the faithful and the true.
The fairest rose has sharpest thorn,
And thou hast learned the saddening story,
That sorrow is of pleasure born,
That clouds *will* dim the sun's bright glory.

Maiden, thy sunniest days are o'er,
But not the happiest far, I ween,
Far off on life's dim, sounding shore,
Bright forms of life and love are seen;
And oh! thy dark eyes brightly glisten,
Thy heart for very joy stands still,

As thou dost pause, and fondly listen
To sounds that all thy pulses thrill.
I would not mar one bright emotion
Of such a trusting heart as thine,
For well I know that heart's devotion
Is laid upon a worthy shrine.

Lady, my song for thee is ended,
Low, wailing winds are sweeping by,
The shades of evening have descended
And shut the sunlight from my eye.
Yet one bright star that greets me nightly,
Sheds its soft lustre on my brow,
A crescent moon is beaming brightly,
And bathes the earth in beauty now.
Hear my last wish, O happy maiden !
Light glide thy bark o'er life's rough sea,
With flowers of love and friendship laden,
May every danger flee from thee.

TO A BIRD IN A SNOW-STORM.

HARK ! hark ! what sweet-toned voice is ringing
Familiar music in my ear ?
List ! 't is a little bird that's singing
So wild, so soft, so silvery clear.

There's not a floweret round him blooming, —
There's not a green leaf on the tree, —
There's not a rivulet that's flowing,
Unfettered, to the deep, blue sea.
The flowers are dead, — the leaves are lying
All sere upon the earth's cold bed ;
While mournfully the winds are sighing
A solemn requiem o'er the dead.

O little bird ! why dost thou linger,
When all thy sister birds have flown ?
Does not unerring nature's finger
Point where the winter is unknown, —
Point to the land of spring's dominion,
Where flowers ne'er fade, where skies are fair, —
Where young birds bathe their golden pinions,
Forever in the ambient air ?
Oh ! when dark clouds above are sailing, —
When voices of the storm are heard, —
When wintry winds are loudly wailing,
How canst thou sing, sweet little bird ?

Plume, plume thy drooping wing, and follow
The robin o'er the blue sea's foam, —
The linnet, blue-bird, and the swallow,
Have sought, long since, their southern home ;
There where soft, azure skies are smiling
On stream, and flower, and green, green tree,
Thy little bird-mate is beguiling
Sad hearts with his glad minstrelsy ;

There, where the orange trees are waving,
He lightly soars, and sweetly sings,
Or in the bright, blue waters laving,
Makes transient rainbows with his wings.

Here thou art sitting, sad and weary, —
Thy little heart beats wild with fear ;
The sky is dark, the earth is dreary,
And oh, the bleak winds ! dost thou hear ?
The stately forests wildly shiver
At every rushing of the blast ;
I see thy downy bosom quiver,
As fitfully it hurries past.
Thine eyelids close, thy song is ended,
That so my very heart-strings thrilled, —
Thy last sweet bird-notes have ascended, —
Thy voice forever more is stilled.

The spring will come again with gladness,
Bringing the green leaves to the tree ;
To cheer us in our hours of sadness,
Will come the birds with songs of glee.
The flowers will bloom in green, green valley,
Breathe sweetly o'er the "burial sod," —
Spring up in every dark, lone alley, —
In wilds where footsteps never trod,
Summer will come with skies all glowing, —
Soft dews will fall, and genial rain
With cooling zephyrs gently blowing,
But thou wilt never sing again !

A POETICAL LETTER.

DEAR cousin Lizzie, — well I know,
A voice from home will welcome be,
And that thy heart and eye will glow,
A letter from thy coz to see.
'T is evening, and a crescent moon
Is trembling in the western sky,
'T will drop behind the mountain soon,
And shut its pale beams from my eye.
The evening-star with clear, soft light
Is gleaming, like some costly gem
Upon the jewelled brow of night,
The fairest in her diadem.
That silvery star, — I love it well,
For years ago, when but a child,
Ere twilight bade the earth farewell,
And pleasant thoughts my heart beguiled,
I used to sit for hours, and gaze
On that lone planet beaming there,
That shed on me its kindly rays,
And thought none other half so fair.

It is, indeed, a pleasant eve,
But yet my heart within is sad,
But oh, I would, I would not grieve,
I would not fain to-night be sad ;

For though 't is just two years to-day,
Since my sweet sister passed from earth,
And went to dwell with kindred clay,
A glorious angel had its birth.
Why should I weep that one I love
Has joined the sinless, seraph band,
Weep that she early passed above,
To dwell in yon bright spirit-land?
I'll dry my eyes, — I'll weep no more,
But trustful hope to meet our own,
Our loved one, on that peaceful shore
Where parting scenes are never known.

Lizzie, I think that I can tell
The very thoughts you're thinking now,
Your loving heart's with those who dwell,
Beneath Monadnoc's snowy brow.
You're thinking of your father, mother,
Of all home scenes you hold so dear,
Of thy young, loved, and loving brother,
And wishing you were with them here.
I would not wonder much to see
A crystal tear-drop dim your eye,
While thinking of those loved ones here,
And of those happy hours gone by.
But dry those tear-drops, cousin mine,
Sit down and play some joyous tune,
'T will cheer that saddened heart of thine,
And make it thrill for joy right soon.
When sad, oh, how I wish to sing,
Oh, how I wish to sing and play,

The burden of my heart to fling
Aside in music's joyous lay!

What are you doing these short days?
Methinks I hear you, Lizzie, say,
I have at least a score of ways
On hand, to drive dull care away.
I tend the babies, cook and sweep,
Make beds, and wash the dishes too,
I eat and drink, get tired, and sleep,
As other little house-maids do.
I knit and sew, and run about,
To see the neighbors when I can,
And when I can't, I run and shout
With Mina and with darling Fan.
But, best of all, I read and write,
I revel oft in some sweet vision,
I plume my spirit's wing for flight,
And soar away for scenes elysian.
Oh, had I words, that I could tell
The scenes in fancy oft I see,
Write the sweet thoughts in my heart's cell,
I would, indeed, a poet be!
And if I could, oh, who would heed them?
Those thoughts so beautiful, so wild, —
No one, perchance, or only deem them
Visions of a strange, dreaming child.

Sister Ermina's getting double
Has changed her not a single grain,
Only, in joy, in grief, in trouble,
She clings to her high Chamberlain,

Instead of clinging to her sister,
As it was once her wont to do.
I know 't is right, but then C. Mr.,
I sometimes wish in Hi-hang-hu.
Julius seeks oft the mountain breezes,
They're bracing to his nerves, I know,
And the fair maid that makes nice cheeses,
Lures him, let winds blow high or low.
Tell Benja. that his own plump maiden,
Went, Monday, to her winter school,
With books, and rod, and ferule laden,
Each one a necessary tool.
Tell him home voices all unite
In sending love to him and thee,
And that he very soon must write
A good long letter unto me.
The bell has tolled the hour of nine,
And, cousin, I will cease to write,
The crescent moon has ceased to shine,
So, Lizzie dear, a kind good-night!

TO A YOUNG GIRL READING THE SCRIPTURES

READ thy Bible, little maiden,
Read it prayerfully ;
Bow before God's holy altar,
Let thy young heart never falter,
While on bended knee ;

Ask thy Father kind in heaven,
For His spirit to be given
Richly unto thee ;
Read thy Bible, little maiden,
Read it prayerfully.

Read thy Bible, meek-eyed maiden,
Read it trustfully ;
Let a doubt come o'er thee never,
That His love will flow forever,
Boundless as the sea.
He has promised richest treasure,
Without stint, and without measure, —
Never doubting be.
Read thy Bible, little maiden,
Read it trustfully.

Read thy Bible, little maiden,
Read it hopefully ;
Read it in each hour of sorrow,
From its leaves rich comfort borrow,
For God loveth thee.
Never let thy heart be fearful,
Never let thine eye be tearful,
Bid each dark thought flee.
Read thy Bible, little maiden,
Read it hopefully.

Read thy Bible, meek-eyed maiden,
Read it lovingly ;
Let thy warmest heart devotion,
Let thy purest soul emotion,
On God's altar be.

Love Him for his love unceasing,
Love Him with a love increasing
Through eternity.
Read thy Bible, meek-eyed maiden,
Read it lovingly.

TO A LITTLE INFANT.

Among the Orientals, the baptismal service is a beautiful and touching one. "Little infant, thou entered'st the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; strive so to live that you may depart smiling, while all around you weep."

WEeping, weeping little infant,
Thou didst come to earth;
Was it some strange, inborn feeling
Of life's sorrows o'er thee stealing —
Soul of priceless worth —
That did cause that low, sad wailing,
And those tear-drops unavailing,
Loved one, at thy birth?
Wherefore weeping, little infant,
Didst thou come to earth?

Smilings, smilings, little infant,
Welcomed thee to earth;
Yes, with holy love and pleasure
Thou wert clasped, dear little treasure,
Gem of priceless worth,

To the bosom of thy mother,
To the warm Heart of one other,
Joyous at thy birth.
Smilings, smilings, little infant,
Welcomed thee to earth.

Strive to live, O little infant,
Strive to live on earth
So that when around thee weeping
Friends, their solemn vigils keeping,
Wait thy second birth ;
While their hearts are overflowing,
And their eyes with tear-drops glowing,
That such priceless worth
Must, their prayers of love unheeding,
Pass away from earth ;

Smiling, smiling, happy spirit,
Glide away from earth ;
Plume with joy thy angel pinions,
Soar away to God's dominions,
Soul of priceless worth.
Go, the angel bands attending,
Go, thy voice with seraphs blending,
To thy heavenly birth.
Smiling, smiling, happy spirit,
Glide away from earth.

THE THREE SISTERS.

THREE little girls, — I see them still,
As when in happy years ago,
They bounded o'er the green, green hill,
Or by the silvery streamlet's flow ;
The eldest has a thoughtful mien,
A deep, full, spiritual eye,
That oftentimes earnestly is seen
Turned upward to its native sky.
The next one is a gentle girl,
Mild as the summer evening air,
With many a soft and golden curl
Clustering around her forehead fair ;
The youngest is a careless child,
Mocking the birds upon the tree,
Birds that are not more gay and wild,
Or bear more tameless hearts than she.

Three little maidens, — there they stand,
Revealed unto my spirit's gaze,
Heart clasped to heart, hand linked in hand,
As in those joyous by-gone days.
The eldest, — we should know her well,
The thoughtful child, the pensive maiden,
The classic brow, the bright eye tall,
The wealth with which the soul is laden.

The gentle girl, who won the love
Of all, with her sweet winning grace,
Is still the dearly cherished dove,
With guileless heart, and angel face.
The youngest and the gayest one,
Her merry laugh so silvery clear,
From rising to the setting sun,
Rings out like music on the ear.

Three happy school girls, — side by side,
I see them toiling upward now,
Up where perennial waters glide,
To lave their weary, burning brow.
The eldest upward, upward still,
Lured onward by some mystic finger,
Tireless ascends the classic hill,
Below, below, she may not linger.
While by her side that gentle creature,
Glides like a living thing of light,
With calm joy mirrored on each feature,
She sips the bubbling waters bright.
The youngest one is still all gladness,
Joy dances still in her blue eye,
Oh, it will need stern scenes of sadness,
To cause that bounding heart a sigh.

Where are they now? — alas! they're parted,
Those happy, loving sisters three,
The youngest has grown sadder-hearted,
Alone beneath the household tree.
She misses them, and oh, how sadly!
Her heart companions from her side,

Voices that thrilled her soul so gladly,
Like music on her ear have died.

That middle star, so mildly gleaming,
Has gone to light another's hearth,
With eyes of love all gently beaming
On one who knoweth well her worth ;
That pure, white brow is touched by sorrow,
Which left a holy impress there,
And from the skies has seemed to borrow,
Looks which we dream the angels wear.

The eldest, — she, alas ! is lying
A tenant of the peaceful tomb,
She heedeth not the wind's low sighing,
Or flowers that round her bud and bloom.
She heedeth not the young bird singing,
His wild and thrilling roundelay,
The tide of music round her ringing,
From every green and dewy spray.
She heedeth not the heart's wild anguish,
Of those she left in sorrow here,
She knoweth not how oft they languish,
And shed the bitter, burning tear.
She knoweth not how much they miss her
At morning, and when day is done,
Or how she longs to sleep beside her,
The youngest, and the saddest one.

THEY'LL COME NO MORE.

THEY'LL come once more, — the soft, warm breezes
blowing

From southern lands lying far, far away ;
Wakening the earth from its cold trance, and strewing
Bright gems of beauty all along our way.

They'll come once more, — the green trees gently
waving,

With graceful motion as the wind sweeps by,
And noiselessly their pendant branches laving
In sparkling waters that beneath them lie.

They'll come once more, — a thousand flowers up-
springing

On every hill-side, and in every dell,
The gentle winds a sweet, rich odor bringing
From the blue violet, and the purple bell.

They'll come once more, — the birds with music thrilling,
Erelong will gladden earth and sky again ;
E'en now I hear a little blue-bird trilling
A sweet, soft prelude to the summer's strain.

They'll come once more, — bright flowers and music
swelling,
Leaves on the spray, and grass-blades on the hill,

Yet will be tear-drops from our hearts upwelling,
Deep, earnest longings in our bosoms still.

For oh! they'll come no more,—the friends we
cherished,

Around whose hearts our own heart tendrils twined,
With autumn flowers those loved ones drooped and
perished,

And their bright dwelling who of us can find?

They'll come no more,—the dreams of life's young
morning;

Those fairy dreams that lit with joy the eye,
Have faded from our hearts like stars at dawning,
Or like the rainbow passing from the sky.

They'll come no more,—that sweet, yet earnest feeling,
That boundless trust in friends that once was ours,
But doubts, suspicions o'er our spirits stealing,
Come like a serpent gliding mid the flowers.

They'll come no more, no more,—those hopes that
lightened

Our transient sorrows in our childhood's years,
Those glorious hopes that like the rainbow brightened
Each cloud of grief, and chased away our tears.

They'll come no more,—our youthful dreams departed,
Our bright hopes dimmed, our trust in others flown,
The friends we loved, who left us weary-hearted,
To tread life's darkened pathway sad and lone.

They 'll come once more, — yes, with our spirit's vision
We gaze far, far away to realms above,
There, there mid sacred groves and fields elysian,
They 'll come once more, — friends, bright hopes,
faith, and love !

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. L. TENNEY.

DEAR lady, with a tearful eye, in this thine hour of woe,
I'll take my lute, and bid for thee its gentlest music flow ;
Would I could trill some wild, sweet strain, some
simple, soothing lay,
To dry thy tears, and chase the gloom from thy poor
heart away.

Dark clouds of overwhelming grief obscure the clear,
blue sky,
And shadows solemn, deep, and dark around thy path-
way lie,
For *once, again, and yet again*, — the cold and voiceless
tomb
Has oped its portals to enshroud thy loved ones in its
gloom.

One gentle sister, round whose heart thine own heart
tendrils twined,
Whose beauty, loveliness, and worth within thy soul
are shrined,

Sleeps where the prairie wild-flowers bloom, where dark
old forests wave,
Far from her kindred, home, and friends she found a
quiet grave.

Then soon thy father went away, in yon bright world
to dwell,
Not thine to linger by his side, or breathe one sad
farewell;
Not thine to see him laid to rest, to weep o'er his cold bed.
But here in thy lone, silent room, thy sorrowing tears
were shed.

Ere long thy mother followed him to that calm, peace-
ful shore,
And left thee struggling with the wave of bitter grief
once more ;
No parting word, no farewell kiss, no look of love was
thine,
To treasure, like a holy spell, in thy heart's inmost
shrine.

And now another sister rests in death's cold, dreamless
sleep ;
Weep, — it will ease thine anguished heart, if, lady,
thou *canst weep* ;
Thy cup of grief is full, *how full!* yet drink, poor
trembler, drink,
Not from the hand that offers it, in hopeless sorrow
shrink.

Lady, rich blessings still are thine, thy dearest earthly
friend

Is near thee now to comfort thee, his tears with thine
to blend,

To cheer that saddened heart of thine, by sorrow worn
and tried,

And one sweet little bud is left to blossom by thy side.

And one dear sister yet is thine, and brothers, kind and
true,

Perchance to bless thee with their love all thy short
journey through ;

Though never more ye meet on earth in one unbroken
band,

Those links of love will reunite in that far happier land.

Yes, thou art gathering loved ones there, to welcome
thee to rest,

When earth receives thy wearied form to its cool, quiet
breast,

Robed in celestial beauty, there joyful they wait for thee
To plume thy spirit-wings, and soar beyond life's
troubled sea.

Yet though such blessed hopes are thine, nature must
still have way,

The tears must flow, the heart must bleed, when its
cords are torn away ;

I know that every nerve of thine with agony must
thrill,

But He who bade the billows roar, can bid the waves
be still.

The wish to comfort thy sad heart within my heart is
strong;

I offer what I best can bring, — affection, tears, a song ;
And yet I almost fear that these will all unheeded be,
Poor sorrowing lady, — God alone I know can comfort
thee !

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WE'VE come once more, — we've come once more,
Warble the birds on every spray,
And on the perfumed air they pour
A wild, sweet, thrilling roundelay ;
We've come once more, for spring has come, —
Our last year's song was not in vain,
That we would leave our southern home,
And come with leaves and flowers again ;
Green leaves are waving in the breeze,
The flowers bloom on earth's emerald floor,
And resting on the green-wood trees,
We sing once more, — we sing once more.

We've come once more, — we've come once more,
Whisper the leaves upon the tree ;
The winter's wailing winds are o'er,
And spring airs murmur soft and free ;

In tiny buds we lay concealed

Throughout the winter's darkened days,
In all our beauty now revealed,

Beneath the spring sun's milder rays.
We've come once more, for gentle spring
Has come, all bright things to restore,
And with the flowers and birds we sing,
We wave once more, — we wave once more.

We've come once more, — we've come once more,
Breathe flowers from every breezy hill;
By palace gate, by cottage door,
By every silvery, sparkling rill;
We bloom in beauty everywhere,
Uplifting our bright, dewy eyes,
Breathing rich incense on the air,
Looking into the clear, pure skies;
From shady dell, from sunny plain,
From mountain side, from sounding shore,
We send the sweet, low, fairy strain,
We bloom once more, — we bloom once more.

We've come once more, — we've come once more,
The southern breezes softly sigh;
The tempest's voice has ceased to roar,
And died away along the sky.
We've wooed the flowers to our embrace,
We've kissed the leaves upon the spray,
And oh! with what a witching grace
They wave, as with those leaves we play,
With chainless wing we float along,
Away, away we lightly soar,

And join with flowers and birds our song ;
We play once more, — we play once more.

We've come once more, — we've come once more,
Echoes from mountain, hill, and dell,
Anthems of joy from sea and shore,
Arise in one triumphant swell.
The air is redolent with sounds,
So richly sweet, so sweetly wild,
That e'en the heart of manhood bounds
For very joy, as when a child.
We've come once more, for spring is here,
The winter's reign at last is o'er,
The music swells, more sweet, more clear,
We come once more, — we come once more.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS ALL THIS VISIBLE
CREATION. — *Byron.*

How beautiful! — what strangely sweet emotion
Thrills my rapt soul, and lights with joy mine eye,
While my lips utter thoughts of deep devotion,
Thanks for these blessings strewn o'er earth and sky.

How beautiful! the green-wood trees all bending
In graceful beauty to the summer air,
Their low, soft murmur with the birds' song blending,
Making rich music for us everywhere.

How beautiful ! the wild wood flowerets breathing
A wealth of perfume all around our way,
While fairy fingers garlands sweet are wreathing,
For brows as fair, almost as frail as they.

How beautiful ! green hill and greener meadow,
Hiding the violet and the purple bell,
Dancing in sunlight, waving in the shadow,
So like the heaving ocean's rise and swell.

How beautiful ! the silver streamlets gushing,
Free from ice fetters that had bound them long,
Reflecting flowers upon their green banks blushing,
Trembling beneath the young bird's breath of song.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. D. F. MCGILVRAY ON
THE DEATH OF HER LITTLE BOY.

DEAR lady, one low, soothing song,
Thine early friend would sing to thee,
Sad, earnest thoughts her full heart throng,
Trembling with thine in sympathy.
Yes, she would take her humble lyre,
And bid its gentlest music flow,
In soft strains from each quivering wire,
To soothe thee in thine hour of woe.
No costly gift to thee she brings,
Accept the tribute of her tears,

Accept the simple song she sings,
In memory of our happier years.

I know full well no power is mine,
To stay the tide of bitter grief ;
I know, to sorrow deep as thine,
That time alone can bring relief ;
I know that clouds will dim the sky,
Will hide the sunshine from thy brow,
That shadows which around thee lie,
Will darken all thy pathway now.
I know, I know the voiceless tomb
Has hid thine idol from thine eyes,
And that enshrouded in its gloom,
Low in his little grave he lies.

Like some fair little bud he grew,
And blossomed sweetly by thy side,
Glittered a moment, bright with dew,
Then folded up its leaves and died.
Like some bright rainbow he was given,
Awhile to span life's clouded sky,
Then faded midst the blue of heaven,
Its glory lost to mortal eye.
He came like some fair, fleeting vision,
An angel lent us for a day,
Quickly fulfilled his heavenly mission,
Then with the angels soared away.

Those soft, blue eyes are closed forever,
That little heart lies cold and still ;

Never, O mourning mother, never
Thy heart for very joy will thrill,
As thou to his glad voice doth listen,
Floating like music on thine ear,
Thine eye no more with joy will glisten,
As thou his bounding step doth hear.
His merry laughter, sweetly ringing,
Is stilled, and never, never more
His soft arms round thine own neck clinging
Will thrill thy bosom to its core.

Thou 'lt miss him at the hour of morning,
When little birds begin to sing,
When flowers the hills and dales adorning,
Upon the air rich odors fling.
Thou 'lt miss him when the sun is shining,
High in the clear, blue, cloudless sky,
When oft upon thy breast reclining,
He closed his little weary eye.
Thou 'lt miss him when the bright day closes,
When thou didst list his infant prayer,
When flower and bird and leaf reposes,
Thou 'lt miss him, mother, everywhere.

The grave has won him, — there he 's lying,
Pillowed upon earth's peaceful breast,
Round him the summer winds are sighing,
As if to lull him to his rest.
There 's many a floweret round him blowing
As beautiful, as frail as he,
Their eyes with dewy tear-drops glowing,
Emblems of his own purity.

There's many a young bird round him singing
Upon each green and dewy spray,
Till all the air around is ringing
With music of their plaintive lay.

Mother, thine infant now is dwelling
A cherub there in yonder sky,
The music of his harp is swelling,
Till heaven's own echoes make reply.
His low, glad, childlike voice is blending
With angel voices sweetly clear ;
Hark ! hark ! those joyous notes descending,
Might almost reach thy listening ear.
A dazzling coronet is shining
Upon his pure, white, seraph brow,
And on the Saviour's breast reclining,
Mother, thy loved one resteth now.

There let him rest, — nor sadly linger,
In tears and sorrow by his grave,
Look up ! look up ! a mystic finger
Points thee beyond death's rolling wave.
There let him rest, — joy, joy forever
That he has gained that blissful shore,
Where pain and death can reach him never,
Where sin and sorrow come no more.
There let him rest, — on angel's pinion,
Ere long thou, too, wilt soar with joy,
There, there in God's own blessed dominion,
Thou 'lt meet once more thine angel boy !

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THEY come, — all bright and blessed things,

 Whene'er my weary eyelids close,
And the sleep-angel waves his wing
 Above the place of my repose.

Each troubled thought is hushed to rest,
 The heart beats tranquilly and low,
And gently through the peaceful breast,
 Doth the warm life-blood ebb and flow.

On spirit-wings I soar away,
 A holy light around me gleams,
To sweetest sounds my pulses play,
 To music of the land of dreams.

Such music! on my waking ear,
 Never the like sweet sounds were heard;
Naught half so silvery or so clear,
 Ever my waking pulses stirred.
Now soft and sad the music floats,
 Now joyous strains are borne along;
And now in wild, triumphant notes,
 Comes an o'erwhelming tide of song.
Oh! I have listened oft in vain,
 When morning breaks with golden beams,
Eager to catch one dying strain
 Of music from the land of dreams.

And then what blessed sights are seen, —
A world of beauty breaks to view,
The earth arrayed in richest green,
And skies of the serenest blue.
And flowers, — bright flowers with dewy eyes,
On every verdant hill-side bloom,
And nursed beneath such genial skies,
Fill all the air with rich perfume.
Fair trees their pendant branches lave,
In glassy lakes, in silvery streams,
While gently do their green leaves wave,
In soft airs of the land of dreams.

But more than all, they come, they come,
The friends I loved in other years,
Who early sought their spirit-home,
And left me bowed in grief and tears.
They come, that holy spirit-band,
Dear ones for whom I would have died,
They kiss my cheek, they clasp my hand,
And sweetly linger by my side.
Oh! what a world of bliss is mine,
With what deep joy my spirit teems,
While visions that are so divine,
Come in the blessed land of dreams!

It may be heaven, — I cannot tell, —
I only know how blessed were I,
If evermore I might but dwell
Beneath that blue and smiling sky.

I only know this world of ours,
Too briefly beautiful would be,
If visions of my dreamy hours,
Should come in real life to me.
I only know, when sad and lone,
And life a weary journey seems,
A sweet voice comes with thrilling tone,
To whisper of the land of dreams.

ORDINATION HYMN.

FATHER, at thine altar bending,
Lo! we come, a waiting band,
And with hearts and voices blending,
Plead for blessings from thy hand.
From thine own serene dominion
Smile upon us as we pray,
And beneath thy sheltering pinion
Keep thy little flock to-day.

Blessings, Father, on our pastor,
We his people ask from thee,
And like his own heavenly Master,
May he ever prove to be.
May he never, never linger,
Never tire upon the road;
Ever with unerring finger,
Guide us to thy blessed abode.

May he cheer the weary-hearted,
Aid the weak and faltering soul, —
Lead back those who have departed
Where the bitter waters roll,
To the flowers of virtue blowing
In the path the Saviour trod,
To the living waters flowing
Ever by the throne of God.

Bless thy children, — let thy Spirit
Breathe within us full and free,
May we evermore inherit,
Life, and joy, and peace from thee.
Willingly upon thine altar,
All our hearts, our hopes we lay,
May our footsteps never falter,
Walking in the heavenly way.

TO HER WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.

BELoved one, at this quiet eve,
Ere sinks yon trembling star to rest,
One little song for thee I'll weave,
Of love-thoughts glowing in my breast.
I'll open all this full warm heart,
That thou its inmost shrine can see,
With all its folded leaves apart,
Where nestle such sweet thoughts of thee.

I sit alone, — and yet I seem
To see thee linger by my side,
As in some pleasant, quiet dream,
Spirits of loved ones round me glide.
My hand is gently clasped in thine,
I listen to your loving tone,
I feel your warm lips pressed to mine,
And feel that I am not alone.

At first I strove to keep my heart
From loving thee, — I knew too well
That we had only met to part,
And that we soon must breathe "farewell."
I knew that on life's solemn main,
Fate soon our little barks must sever,
And that we might not meet again
For years, — perchance no more forever.

I strove in vain, — go bid the bird,
Beside its nest, forbear to sing,
Go bid the flowers, by soft winds stirred,
Forget to blossom in the spring.
Go bid the bright stars cease to shine
Like diamonds in the blue above,
As well as bid this heart of mine
Give up its blissful dream of love.

Oh, were it wise to shun the flowers,
Because their beauty dies so soon ;
To wish there were no summer hours,
Because it is not always June, —

To turn away from the blue sky,
That shines so gloriously fair,
Because to dim the sun's bright eye,
Dark threatening clouds are sometimes there?

No, rather cull the flowers that bloom,
And wear them, though for one brief day,
Their fragrance may dispel our gloom,
E'en when their beauty fades away.
Thoughts of the calm, blue, summer skies,
The rich green leaf, the sweet wild flower,
Will come to us when storms arise,
And cheer full many a wintry hour.

E'en thus will thoughts of thee, sweet friend,
Remain when thou art far away,
And when the shades of eve descend,
And cooling zephyrs gently play, —
I'll sit beneath yon stars' pale beams,
Or 'neath the soft light of the moon,
And yield myself to dreams, sweet dreams,
Of days that passed, too soon, — too soon !

And when beneath a southern sky,
Mid birds and flowers your footsteps roam,
Sometimes will not your spirit's eye
Turn to my cherished mountain home?
Though scenes more fair, though friends more dear,
Hereafter bless your earthly lot,
One boon I ask, without one fear,
I ask thee to forget me not !

Oh let me meet thy bark once more,
If not upon life's changeful sea,
At least upon that blissful shore,
From storm and tempest ever free.
Yes, if *I* ever reach that land—
Oh heed my best, my holiest prayer—
Attended by some angel band,
Oh meet me there, oh meet me there.

HYMN FOR THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
ANDOVER.

SAVIOUR, from thine own bright dwelling
Smile upon our youthful band ;
While our humble songs are swelling,
While we pray for that fair land,
Where benighted ones are bending
Darkly the adoring knee,
Where are never heard ascending
Prayers, or songs of praise to thee.

There green trees are ever waving,
Birds their sweetest music pour,
Sparkling waters ever laving
All the bright and sunny shore.
Man, alas! in mental blindness,
Gazes upon heaven's blue dome,

Knowing not that God, whose kindness
Gave him such a beauteous home.

All our eyes with tears are flowing,
Pity bids the fountain move,
All our hearts with love are glowing,
Zealous in our work of love.
Willingly, with fond endeavor,
To prepare thy glorious way,
We would labor on forever,
Till the wide world own thy sway.

Saviour, we await thy blessing,
Smile upon us from thy throne,
While our song to thee addressing,
Love and claim us for thine own.
Hasten on that hour of gladness,
That for which we hope and pray,
When the heathen's night of sadness
Breaks in an eternal day!

TO ANNA.

DEAREST, my sad and lonely breast
Is full to-night of thoughts of thee;
And as the tired dove seeks its nest,
With its dear little ones to be,

E'en thus my weary spirit turns
To thee, for whom it fondly yearns,
And flies, unfettered, o'er the sea ;
Upon thy breast it folds its wing,
And there its sweetest song doth sing.

I'm thinking of those twilight hours,
When hand in hand we used to rove,
When little birds in sylvan bowers,
Awoke the music of the grove ;
When flowers closed up their dewy eyes,
And o'er us arched those cloudless skies,
Smiling upon our mutual love.
And oh ! my heart doth sadly yearn
For hours that may no more return.

More and more sadly, day by day,
I miss thy gentle, loving tone,
And long to soar, far, far away,
To meet once more my loved, my own.
I sit, to-night, with tearful eye,
Fixed on that star in yonder sky ;
But oh ! it shines on me alone !
For she who watched its pale, soft beam
With me, has gone like some bright dream.

I sometimes take my lute to sing
The simple songs you loved so well,
But when I touch each quivering string,
Sad, mournful sounds arise and swell ;

For she whose presence could inspire
My heart with such poetic fire,
Has kissed her last, her sad farewell
Upon my cheek, and left me here,
To shed alone the silent tear.

I take my books, but bard and sage,
Have half their beauty lost for me,
And tears fall fast upon the page
That I was wont to read with thee ;
And then I throw those books aside,
While faster still the tear-drops glide,
That by my side thou canst not be.
Poor heart, be still ! nor sigh in vain
For joys that cannot come again.

Where, where art thou ? Oh, well I know
What joy my presence would impart,
What rapture in thine eye would glow,
To clasp me to thy loving heart ;
For in that noble heart of thine,
Beats the same love that throbs in mine,
Nor time shall bid that love depart.
Meet me in heaven ! my heart's deep prayer,
I love thee here, I'll love thee there !

SONG WRITTEN FOR JENNY LIND.

I COME, I come, with the glad voice of singing,
To greet the land where I awhile may dwell,
While sweet, glad thoughts are in my soul up-springing,
And tears of rapture from my heart upwell.
America, hail ! thou land of the free !
With a heart o'erflowing with love for thee,
I have left my sweet home o'er the sea,
To meet the welcome that's waiting for me !

I come, I come to see thy grand old mountains,
Where soars the eagle with his bold, free wing, —
To stand entranced beside thy silvery fountains,
Which softly round their cool, bright waters fling.
America, hail ! thou land of the free ! etc.

I come, I come to view thy noble rivers,
Which calmly flow to the blue, boundless sea,
Or rage and roar till grove and forest shivers,
As if in fear at their wild minstrelsy.
America, hail ! thou land of the free ! etc.

I come, I come, beside thy lakes outspreading,
To mirror all the blue and glowing sky ;
With bounding heart my feet will oft be treading,
Or o'er their waters, like a bird I'll fly !
America, hail ! thou land of the free ! etc.

I come, I come, beneath thy forests waving,
To while away full many a long, bright day,
Thy dark old forests that have long been braving
The storm and tempest, and the lightning's play!
America, hail! thou land of the free! etc.

I come, I come to see the land of glory,
The land where heroes fought, and bled, and died,
Whose noble deeds will live in song and story,
While year on year in ceaseless circles glide.
America, hail! thou land of the free! etc.

But more than all, I come to hear the greeting
From full, warm hearts, that love the stranger's song;
With deep emotion is my own heart beating,
As on this lone sea I am borne along.
America, hail! thou land of the free! etc.

I come, I come with the glad voice of singing,
To greet the land that on my vision gleams,
To hear the voices that so oft were ringing
Within my ear, in wild and burning dreams!
America, hail! thou land of the free!
With a heart o'erflowing with love for thee,
I will bear to my sweet home over the sea,
The love of the hearts that have welcomed me!

TO A MOTHER.

MOTHER, watch ever, — let thine earnest eye
Scan thine own heart, its secret motives try ;
Weigh every thought, and word, and action well,
For slightest act, or word, or thought may tell
For weal or woe, on those whom God has given
To thee to live for, and to train for heaven.
Mother watch ever, let thy whole life be
Without reproach, of spotless purity.

Mother, trust ever, — let thy faith be strong, —
Yield not to doubts, although thou waitest long
For thy reward, for all thine anxious love,
For bitter tears shed for thy wandering dove,
For sleepless nights, for days of grief and pain,
For earnest prayers, breathed as it seems in vain ;
Mother, trust ever, thy reward will come,
Thy dove at last shall fold its wing at home.

Mother, hope ever, — let thy heart ne'er fail,
Although thine eye grow dim, thy cheek turn pale
With tireless vigils, and with ceaseless care,
Bear nobly on, and yield not to despair.
Sow the good seed, and after years may tell,
That not in vain on the heart's soil it fell.
Mother, hope ever, — toil with brave heart on,
The looked for goal shall sure at last be won.

Mother, love ever, though thy loved ones prove
All, all unworthy of thy holy love ;
Although they wander, bowed with guilt and shame,
And bring dishonor to thy once proud name,
Cling to them still, and let them never know
The want of love, in all their guilt and woe.
Mother, love ever, — love hath power to win
The dear ones back from error, shame, and sin !

Mother, pray ever, — should thy spirit tire,
Thy lamp of love be ready to expire, —
Should thy faith falter, should thy hope grow dim,
Turn thou from earth, with steadfast eye to Him
Who knows each wish, each want, each anxious care,
Who ever listens to a mother's prayer.
Mother, pray ever, — “prayer's the golden key
That unlocks heaven,” and brings its aid to thee !

Mother, so live that all thy life may tell
For weal on those whom thou dost love so well ;
Mother, so live, that each young spirit's tone,
May take its cadence safely from thine own.
So watch, so trust, so hope, so love, and pray,
That when from earth thou shalt be called away,
Before God's throne thy joyous words may be,
“Here, Lord, am I, with those thou gavest me !”

TO MY HUSBAND.

DEAREST, this trustful, happy heart,
So very full of love for thee,
Ere this sweet, dreamy spell depart,
Would whisper all thou art to me.
Would tell with what intense devotion
It worships, loved one, at thy shrine;
With what a holy, pure emotion,
It thrills when nestled close to thine.

Three happy moons have come and flown
Since that blessed hour, when, by thy side,
I laid this hand within thine own,
A trustful, hopeful, loving bride;
Loving with all a wife's deep feeling,
And hopeful as the future smiled,
My pathway, strewn with flowers, revealing,
And trustful as a little child.

That love can never be betrayed,
That hope with brighter light will glow,
With firmer trust this heart be stayed
On thine, through coming weal or woe.
Why should this little heart be fearful
With such a loving, gentle friend
To wipe those eyes when they are tearful,
Or thine own tears with mine to blend.

Our little barks are on one sea,
And bound for the same blissful shore ;
One guiding star alike we see,
To cheer us onward evermore.
Heaven only grant some favoring breeze
To waft us both together there,
Nor leave one on these treacherous seas
To sail alone, — Heaven, hear my prayer !

God bless thee, loved one, — all thou art,
All thou must ever be to me,
Words cannot tell, but oh, my heart
Would open all its leaves to thee.
Thou upon earth, and God in heaven,
Oh, what a blessed lot is mine !
Bless God, my soul, that He has given
Such love on earth, such love divine !

MY SISTER ERMINA.

LEAVE us not yet, — too dear a tie is binding
Our hearts to thine, e'en love's strong, deathless tie
These poor, poor hearts would bleed at the unwinding.
Thou art too loved, too lovely far to die !
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy husband's heart were broken,
Crushed to the earth beneath the stunning blow ;
If thou depart, grief so intense, unspoken,
Would rend the heart-strings, — linger yet below.
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy little childrens' wailings
Too sad, too mournful to our ears would be,
And their low, infant sobs, all unavailing,
Would wring our hearts with deepest agony.
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy mother's soul would languish,
Too sad, too lonely whence thy smile had flown,
And she would weep with all a mother's anguish,
For thee, her loved, her beautiful, her own.
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy father's heart is yearning,
With all a father's love for thee his child,
To woo thee back, whence there is no returning,
E'en from the grave with all its terrors wild.
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy sister, and thy only,
Would yield her life, oh, willingly for thine ;
Stay with her yet, oh, leave her not so lonely,
In grief, in tears, in weariness to pine.
Leave us not yet.

Leave us not yet, — thy brothers' hearts were saddened,
And they would mourn thy gentle spirit fled,

Too long thy smile, thy voice our homes have gladdened,
Leave us not yet to slumber with the dead.

Leave us not yet.

“Peace, peace, be still,” — fond heart cease thy wild
beating,

“Thy will, O God,” for all thy will is love;
But if we part, oh, be our joyous meeting
Erelong in mansions brighter far above!
Go in God’s time!

MY SISTER ERMINA.

I SAW her die, — and o’er her rest
Her poor, lone husband bowed his head,
While his torn heart, with grief oppressed,
At every pore with anguish bled;
He gazed upon the clay-cold cheek,
He gazed upon the marble brow,
Upon the lips that might not speak
One word of love or comfort now.
How could he drink the bitter cup?
The star of life had set for him,
And his lone spirit offered up
To heaven its solemn vesper hymn.

I saw her die, — and on the ear
Her little childrens' plaintive cry
Fell painfully, and brought the tear
With sudden flow to many an eye.
Two little buds that God had given
To blossom by that mother's side,
For her to love, and train for heaven,
Were left while that frail mother died.
Sweet opening buds! they little knew
How fierce the storm, how wild the spray,
They little recked the wind that blew,
And bore the parent stem away!

I saw her die, — the mother's tears
Fell fast above her sleeping child,
No voice, to soothe her grief, she hears
From lips that once so sweetly smiled.
There lay the loved one who had slept
Upon her breast in days of yore,
In voiceless agony she wept
For joys that might return no more.
Her gentle dove had plumed its wing,
And sought a holier place of rest,
Beneath serener skies to sing,
And fold it on the Saviour's breast.

I saw her die, — the father's heart
In deep, though silent grief was bowed,
Light after light he saw depart,
And darker lower life's gathering cloud.

How oft she sat in childhood's days,
And prattled on that father's knee,
With all her sweet and winning ways,
Her tales of joy and childish glee.
She was a sunbeam in his home,
A ray of light and love to all,
Upon whose brow, like heaven's pure dome,
No shadow e'er was seen to fall.

I saw her die, — and o'er her form
The last lone sister bowed in grief,
As droops the willow 'neath the storm,
While gushing tears brought no relief.
They were but two, — two sisters dear,
Bound heart to heart by love's strong tie,
Yet death with noiseless step drew near,
And stilled the heart, and closed the eye.
She died, — that darling sister died,
No lip can speak, no tongue can tell,
As stood that lone one by her side,
The anguish of her last farewell.

I saw her die, — two brothers stood
And wept above that lifeless clay,
That one so beautiful, so good,
Should pass so soon from earth away.
They mused upon each loving look,
Each winning smile, each gentle tone,
Till bitter grief their spirit shook,
And earth seemed desolate and lone.

Oh, could their love have won her back
From that unseen, that mystic shore,
How soon, to brighten life's dim track,
That sister had returned once more!

I saw her die, — our Sabbath rest
Commenced in anguish here below,
The tearful eye, the heaving breast,
Told of the heart's unfathomed woe.
Serenely lay the loved one there,
The fettered soul its bands had riven,
And soared upon the morning air,
Her Sabbath rest commenced in heaven!
How could we weep, — how could we mourn,
That pain and sickness, death were o'er,
That her freed spirit had been borne,
Where sorrow could not reach it more?

Father, thick clouds are in the sky,
Deep shadows fall, the night is dark,
The winds are loud, the waves are high,
And wildly toss our fragile bark.
Kind Saviour, thou our Pilot be,
O bid the star of promise shine,
Where can we look but unto thee,
What hand can save us, Lord, but thine?
We trust alone to thy strong arm,
Childlike we yield us to thy will,
O keep us safe from every harm,
And bid our troubled hearts, "be still!"

LINES DEDICATED TO MISS CORRISANDE
BARRETT.

DAUGHTER and sister, in thine hour of sorrow,
I'll take my lyre, and trill one song for thee,
If from it peace or comfort thou canst borrow,
One more bright drop of joy will flow for me.

Long years have passed since thy young years were
shaded,
Since thy young lips lisped thy dead father's name,
But from thy heart his memory ne'er has faded,
Though to thy call that father never came.

He left his home, all that his warm heart cherished,
To seek for health upon a distant shore ;
There in the strangers' land, alone he perished,
And to his loved returned, oh, nevermore.

He sleeps in dust, where southern winds are sighing,
Where sweet, wild flowers around him bud and bloom,
Unmarked, unknown the spot where he is lying, —
Thou canst not weep, O daughter, o'er his tomb.

And now with deeper grief thy tears are flowing,
Thy riper years a sterner trial know,
A darker cloud a deeper shade is throwing,
Over thy pathway winding here below.

Thou mournest now a noble brother sleeping
His dreamless sleep in his low, narrow bed ;
And yet some blessed drops thine eyes are weeping,
For o'er that brother's grave those tears are shed.

In southern lands he sought the breath of healing,
And roamed awhile among her birds and flowers ;
But on those balmy airs stern death came stealing,
And sought its victim mid those fragrant bowers.

And he, too, rests, on earth's green breast reposing,
No grief, no pain disturbs his peaceful sleep ;
At dewy morn, and when the day is closing,
O'er his loved grave, fond mourner, thou canst weep.

Daughter and sister, mourn not the departed,
All grief, all sorrow, weariness is o'er,
Look up with hope and trust, though sadder-hearted,
Father and brother thou shalt meet once more.

GOD IS LOVE.

THERE'S not a breeze that stirs the leaf,
That trembling hangs upon the spray,
But its soft breath, however brief,
In music tones doth seem to say,
God is love.

There's not a leaf upon the trees,
With which the soft winds are at play,
Kissed e'er so lightly by the breeze,
But in low, murmuring tones will say,
God is love.

There's not a flower that opes its eye,
Its dewy eye, at dawn of day,
To look into the clear blue sky,
But with each fragrant breath will say,
God is love.

There's not a bird that sweetly sings
Its matin or its vesper lay,
While soaring on its downy wings,
But with its richest notes will say,
God is love.

E'en the wild wailing of the blast,
That bends the forest 'neath its sway,
As fitfully it rushes past,
In deep and thrilling tones will say,
God is love.

Old ocean, with majestic tone,
In storm, or when the light winds play,
It ripples with a gentle moan,
Ever its solemn voice will say,
God is love.

Man's heart attuned to heavenly love,
And bowed beneath its gentle sway,
Its hopes, its treasures fixed above,
Will join all nature's voice to say,
God is love.

Spirits of those we loved so well,
Who passed too soon from earth away,
Up, up where kindred spirits dwell,
Take up their golden harps and say,
God is love.

Angelic voices join the song,
Seraphic voices swell the lay,
Heaven's arches high the notes prolong,
Earth echoes back the sound to say,
God is love.

SISTERS, I COME.

SISTERS, I come, — this heart is faintly beating ;
Its slight pulsations will ere long be o'er,
A sweet voice whispers that our joyous meeting
Soon, soon will be upon yon radiant shore.
Sisters, I come.

I linger still, — I hear a loved voice breathing
Love's magic words in my too willing ear,
A mighty cord, as strong as death, thou'rt wreathing,
O best beloved, to bind my spirit here.

I linger still.

Sisters, I come, — life has lost half its brightness,
A deep, dark shadow o'er my pathway lies ;
My heart is sad, my step has lost its lightness,
And burning tear-drops tremble in mine eyes.

Sisters, I come.

I linger still, — how can I leave thee, mother ?
O how I love thee, words can never tell ;
Thine only daughter, — thou hast now no other, —
I cannot, cannot murmur yet, farewell !

I linger still.

Sisters, I come, — the golden link is broken
That bound us here, — I have no sister now,
The cold, dark tomb gives to my heart no token
Of thy deep love, to soothe my throbbing brow.

Sisters, I come.

I linger still, — father thy love is binding
Strongly to earth this spirit's fluttering wing ;
Such ties of love, oh, it is hard unwinding,
Yet, yet to earth with earnest heart I cling.

I linger still.

Sisters, I come, — in vain, in vain I listen
To catch once more the music of thy tone,—

My soul grows faint, the gushing tear-drops glisten, —
I have no sister, — oh, I feel alone!

Sisters, I come.

I linger still, — alas! how can I leave thee
Brothers, companions of my girlhood's hours?
Full well I know my loss would deeply grieve thee,
Though passed from earth to heaven's own blissful
bowers.

I linger still.

Sisters, I come, — I know that life is wasting,
This fragile frame grows weaker day by day,
And the worn spirit tremblingly is hastening,
To plume its wings, and soar from earth away.
Sisters, I come.

I linger still, — oh, dearly have I cherished
Those sweet babes left for this poor heart to love,
Those fair, frail blossoms of the trees that perished, —
Oh! I would live, or take them, too, above!
I linger still.

"Peace, peace, — be still," — heart, cease this wild
commotion,
And bow submissive to thy Father's will,
Bow at His footstool with serene devotion,
Willing to go, willing to linger still.
I yield to thee.

MY CHILD.

SWEET little blossom of my heart,
Born with the April birds and flowers,
Tears of delicious rapture start,
To think that thou, indeed, art ours.

Our own most precious gift from heaven,
A living, breathing soul divine,
A priceless gem the Saviour's given,
To fashion in his crown to shine.

I look into thy soul-lit eye,
Just opened to my earnest gaze,
Soft as the blue of yonder sky,
And mild as summer evening rays.

I gaze upon thy velvet cheek,
Upon thy fair and spotless brow,
And joy, no human tongue can speak,
I feel to be a mother now.

A mother ; oh ! what holy ties
Now bind this trembling, happy heart ;
Aid me, O Saviour, from the skies,
And faith, and hope, and love impart.

O for a faith to lay my child,
My priceless treasure at thy feet,
Pure as the snow-drop, undefiled,
I feel she's an offering meet.

O for a hope thou wilt receive,
And bless the gift to thee I bring,
My treasure on thy breast I leave,
Round her thine arms, O Saviour, fling.

O for a love, a deathless love,
To keep me ever by thy side,
Hourly to look to thee above,
For grace a mother's heart to guide.

Husband, and Wife, and Child we come,
To thy kind, sheltering arms we flee,
Our hearts, our altar, and our home,
We dedicate our all to thee.



